

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 16, 1963

25 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL'S FIRST WEEK

THE BOAT OF KINGS AND COMMUNISTS





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of the top 10
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do you think
you should
smoke?

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AND SATISFYING TASTE
SMOKE KENT

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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL is back again, and in the eighth annual football issue SPORTS ILLUSTRATED picks the year's 11 best eleven: John Underwood reports on Miami's George Mera, the Key West Conch who ranks as the best in a year of exceptional quarterbacks; and Dan Jenkins explores the winning world of Texas' energetic Darrell Royal. Scouting reports evaluate all the major conferences and the best of the small-college teams, and there is a vivid glimpse of West Texas high school football. Away from the campus, there will be interpretive reporting of the week's big sports news and a full quota of regatta features.

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**Sports
Illustrated**





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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

POINT OF FACT

A Little Brown Jug quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of harness-racing fans

? Where did the Little Brown Jug get its name?

• A nationwide contest was held in 1945 to name the race that is now considered the premier racing classic in the U.S. An Ohian, Major Lanning Pursons, submitted the name Little Brown Jug, recalling that a side-wheeling stallion by that name had come out of Tennessee in 1881 to shatter all pacing records in the Midwest.

? What horse won the first Jug?

• Cattleton Farm's Ensign Hanover had to contest four grueling mile heats in 1946 before winning two of them; he was second in the other two, \$17,680 and the Little Brown Jug.

? Which was the fastest Jug?

• The 1960 stake won by Bullet Hanover. Starting as one of the biggest Jug favorites ever, Bullet broke in the first heat and finished a dismal ninth in the field of 11. The winner, Muncy Hanover, set a mile record of 1:58 1/5 over the saucer-shaped Delaware (Ohio) Fairgrounds track. In the second heat, raced in the same record-breaking time, Bullet passed Muncy Hanover 50 yards from the finish to win by half a length. He took the third heat in 1:59 2/5.

? What stallion has sired the greatest number of Jug winners?

• Sons of Adios have won seven of the last nine renewals—Adios Harry (1954), Noble Adios (1956), Shadow Wave (1958), Adios Butler (1959), Bullet Hanover (1960), Henry T. Adios (1961), and Lehigh Hanover (1962).

? What driver has guided the most Jug victors?

• John Simpson, a 41-year-old South Carolinian, has won three—Noble Adios (1956), Torpid (1957) and Bullet Hanover (1960).

? Who will win the 1963 Little Brown Jug?

• Overtrick, a Solator colt who has beaten two minutes four times this year, is our choice.

—PAT RYAN



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SCORECARD

BATTLE IN BADEN-BADEN

For the eighth time in 27 years Detroit goes before the International Olympic Committee next month with an invitation to hold the 1968 summer Games where, of a surety, there will be no lack of motor transportation for athletes and officials. This may be Detroit's best chance yet; for the first time the city has all its big wheels of government and industry backing the effort.

In other years Detroit has relied on the soft sell, but in 1963 it is spending close to \$250,000 on such items as movie films and personal pitches to be made before the IOC gathering at Baden-Baden, Germany. Both Governor George Romney and Mayor Jerome Cavanagh plan to make the trip, along with two dozen or so of the city's biggest business names. Then, too, Dwight D. Eisenhower has sent a personal letter, backing Detroit, to each of the 60-odd IOC members. He signed the letters on a train en route from Chicago to Gettysburg, and a Detroit committeeman had the U.S. Post Office Department open its Gettysburg branch on July 4 so that each letter would bear the patriotic postmark. A bit of a collector's item, that.

But the selling job will be difficult. Each of the other three candidates—Buenos Aires, Mexico City and Lyon, France—has better physical facilities. All have stadiums, for instance, and Detroit has none available. Lyon's stadium is small but expandable. On the other hand, Michigan has approved a \$35 million bond issue to build a 100,000-seat stadium in Detroit, though construction cannot start until Detroit is awarded the Games. And Buenos Aires concedes that, for economic and political reasons, its bid is a mere token offer. Mexico City is bearing down hard, but its altitude (7,800 feet) has a reputation for wearing out athletes. Lyon, sentimental favorite of Europeans, has few hotels, no jet airport and is 300 miles by train from Paris.

Detroit has an excellent case but will get precious little help from the three U.S. members of the IOC. IOC President Avery Brundage of Chicago has

plumped for a combined East-West German sponsorship in Berlin and has, on the other hand, said he thought Lyon would be just fine, too. John Jewett Garland of Los Angeles has tried unsuccessfully for years to take the U.S. bid away from Detroit. Douglas F. Roby of Detroit, though he will certainly vote for his city, holds himself above partisan politics and has refused to campaign for his home team.

It's a tough prospect, Detroit, but so was the four-minute mile.

OLD AL WOULD LOVE THIS

A federal grand jury has indicted 15 men as on-track bookies at Chicago's Sportsman's Park, where, it would appear, truly serious bettors prefer to gamble with bookies rather than with pari-mutuel machines. Something to do with better odds, no doubt.

For Chicago this was but a minor scandal, though there were the usual announcements of investigation accompanied by denunciation. There was a fine pretense of furor and, while it was going on, sheriff's police picked up five more suspects in a bookie raid. The place: the office of the clerk of the Cook County Circuit Court.

GOLF WITHOUT SUNBURN

The country's first full-length (nine-hole) golf course to operate at night has been open for about three weeks now and seems destined for success. It is the Tall Pines Golf Club at Sewell, New Jersey, and the only complaints so far have been about balls lost in the dark and dew on the greens. On the other hand, Owner Pete McEvoy holds that the average golfer scores better at night.

"It's apparent from watching play here," he says, "that golfers are swinging easier. They are more relaxed at night. They seem to want to stay in the fairway. Maybe it's because they want to keep their shots where it's lighted, though the near rough is lighted, too."

Opening of the lighted course has created a problem for one man.

"I've been telling my wife I've been

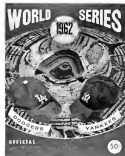
playing night golf for years," he sighed. "Now what do I do?"

Well, he might try playing night golf.

MAN PROPOSES

Except in St. Louis, there is little doubt that the Los Angeles Dodgers will win the National League pennant this year and thereby take on the honor, the privilege and the responsibility of meeting the New York Yankees in the World Series. Despite what happened in 1962, the Dodgers themselves are supremely confident. For weeks now Danny Goodman, director of advertising for the club, has been sending out letters soliciting ads for the "official" World Series program, pointing out that the average sale is one to every person attending the game and that "it is a well-known fact that seldom, if ever, will one find a program left in the ball park after a World Series game."

"We are confident the Dodgers will win the 1963 National League pennant," Goodman advises his prospects. But a little later, just to touch all the bases, he adds: "Should the Dodgers not partici-



pate in the World Series, God forbid, there would of course be no charge for the space you reserve."

A wise hedge. As a reminder that all sorts of dreadful things are possible in an imperfect world, we reproduce here with the cover of what was to have been last year's official souvenir program.

THE SPORTING STATESMEN

The creative imagination of politicians is such that, when it comes to fund-raising, the best that most of them can come up with is a suggestion for a \$50-a-plate dinner. The menu: stringy chicken and

watery peas. The speeches: as lively as the menu. No one has any fun.

The new state of Hawaii is refreshingly different. To raise funds, the Republicans staged a football game in Honolulu Stadium the other day between the Hawaii Colts, touted as "card-carrying Republicans," and the Hawaii All-Stars. Both teams were made up of good college and high school players. The Colts, favored by two touchdowns, won—but only 3-0. The Republicans netted \$2,000 out of an \$8,000 gross. Not only that, they are challenging the Democrats to field a team next year.

THE OFFY STRIKES BACK

At the Indianapolis "500" last May the big story was that of the Lotus-Fords, light, rear-engined entries that gave the conventional Offenhausers fits and finished second and seventh. Since then the Lotus-Fords have continued to impress, while Offy devotees have wondered what to do about them. Now somebody has done it.

In big-time U.S. racing, maximum horsepower must be crammed into 256 cubic inches of engine. The Offenhauser develops 440 hp, the Lotus-Ford 385, but an equally important factor is the weight of the car itself. The Offy cars weigh upward of 1,650 pounds "wet" (fuel and oil added), and the L-F entries weigh about 1,200 pounds. The surmise, then, has been that if somebody could combine the more powerful Offy engine with a lightweight, rear-engine chassis, the year of the Lotus-Ford might well come to an end. The 200-mile USAC championship at Trenton, N.J. on September 22 is about to see just that kind of car. Three Portland, Oregon men—Rolla Vollstedt, Dick Martin and Tom Nehl—have put such a racing machine together, and Len Sutton, who finished second in the 1962 "500" at Indianapolis, will drive it. It is called the *Tom Nehl GMC Truck Special* and, while weighing 150 pounds more than the Lotus-Ford, will have 55 more horses.

"We expect it to average 155 miles per hour," says Nehl. "If it goes like we think it will, it will cause an even bigger revolution in auto racing."

If it doesn't, it's back to the drawing board.

NEW LOOK IN NEW ENGLAND

There may be fewer knee and ankle injuries in football if an experiment under way at four New England colleges—Bates, Bowdoin, Colby and Northeast—

continued

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SCORECARD continued

ern—proves successful. Studying game films and delving into the history of knee and ankle injuries, Dr. Daniel F. Hanley, Bowdoin team physician, discovered that they occur mostly because the two heel cleats catch in the turf when a player is cutting. The movement forces knee and ankle joints into unnatural positions and causes torn cartilages, water on the knee, sprains and strains. Simple solution: remove the heel cleats. The new football shoes now look rather like track shoes but play is unaffected since, Dr. Hanley says, most running, turning and cutting is done on the front cleats.

LONG VOYAGE HOME

During the long hot summer the boys of Amarillo's YMCA swim club worked at their swimming skills and roamed across the state in intercity meets. With summer drawing to an end and municipal pools about to close, they thought of President Kennedy's inspiration of the 50-mile hike. Why not a 50-mile swim, they asked each other, just to round out the season?

They found the length of the Thompson Park pool to be 165 feet, which meant that 50 miles of swimming would require 1,600 laps. An impressive figure, but the kids were dauntless. A few minutes before sunup one Saturday the club gathered by the pool, and Vance Essler, 10, was chosen as lead-off man. In the predawn light, with a brisk wind blowing in from the Panhandle plains, Essler set out on the first lap at 6:07 a.m., flashing a snappy Australian crawl. He was the first of 30 club members to take part.

The skies lowered, and at 8:30 a deluge of rain sent the standing youngsters into shivering knots. By 9, officials and parents were debating whether to call the event off. The kids let out a howl, and the swim went on.

Skies cleared at midmorning but darkened again at noon, when there was an even greater rainfall. By midafternoon the boys had reached the 25-mile mark. At 4:03 a.m., 21 hours and 56 minutes after the start, the same Vance Essler who had begun the swim touched the rim of the pool to complete the 50 miles and then, "so there'd be no mistake," swam an extra lap.

The team's elation was great, but mixed with disappointment. They had sent President Kennedy a telegram advising him of their plan, and they as-

continued



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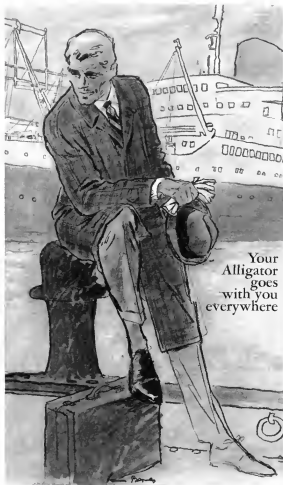
Hold that press!

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SCORECARD *continued*

sumed, just assumed, that the President was watching their progress. They expected an answering telegram of congratulations. It did not come immediately, but the chances are that it will.

EARLY WARNING SYSTEM

The first day of football practice at Southern Methodist University a year ago was marred by the death of promising Mike Kelsey, presumably from heat exhaustion. There have since been other deaths in the southern tier of states. One recent Sunday night, 10 hours after his team's first practice, Fullback John Anders of the University of New Mexico died of heat exhaustion. Next day Alvin Bradley, a freshman at Wiley College in Marshall, Texas, collapsed and died in practice possibly not from heat.

Heat exhaustion in football practice is, to the memory of some, quite a new development, and Matty Bell, SMU's veteran athletic director, has a theory to explain its sudden emergence.

"I believe air conditioning is a major cause," he says. "Almost everybody spends a lot of time in air conditioning. We live in it, we work in it, we sleep in it. You take Kelsey. In the summer of 1961 he worked on a Gulf Coast oil rig and didn't have any trouble that fall. Then, last year, he spent the summer [in an air-conditioned office] selling cars."

This year Texas and SMU have taken the precaution of installing a set of meteorological instruments on the field. Monitored by physicians, the instruments advise when temperature and humidity extremes call for a halt. They do not, however, take into account the factor of acclimatization in an air-conditioned world.

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Whitley, football coach at Fort Worth Polytechnic High School, discussing Jerry Tate, his 290-pound 6-foot-5 tackle: "He's just a big kid. He's always been told to be careful when he played with other kids. If he'll just forget that advice, he'll help us."
- Branch Rickey on owners of franchises: "We have the finest men in the country owning our major baseball franchises. The trouble is they don't devote as much time to their investments as they should; if all of them would devote three months of the year exclusively to baseball, they would solve every problem the sport has today."

END



Will he set world records like Bob Mathias?

At 12, Bob Mathias was thin and weak. Hardly a candidate for the title of "world's greatest athlete." Yet five years of hard work made him just that. In the 1948 Olympics, he won the toughest test of athletic skill and stamina—the Decathlon. In 1952 he won again, and set a new world record.

Not every youngster can be a Bob Mathias. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Never before has physical fitness, particularly the

fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people...The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7% x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Bob Mathias, to: Equitable, G.P.O., Box 1838, N. Y. 1, N. Y.



The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

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A LOT OF GOLD IN

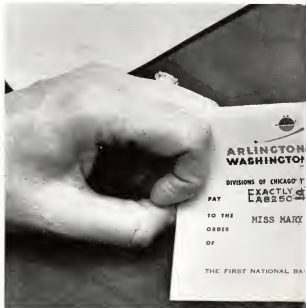
It may have been sport's finest weekend of the year. The most exciting competitors in the country were in action, playing for a seemingly endless cascade of money and a wealth of prestige as well. So rich was the sporting fare that newspaper readers, television watchers and right-in-the-stadium spectators hardly knew where to focus their attention next. Chicago offered the world's most



lucrative horse race, and it was almost too apt when the winner—a colt that earned his owner the luscious check below—turned out to be named Golden Ruler. In Akron, Ohio they could well have given that name to Jack Nicklaus. Swinging away before a television audience estimated at 17 million, he won \$50,000 on TV's own addition to the sporting bonanza, the World Series of Golf. In sad San Francisco



The biggest prize was this check, which Marjorie Lindheimer Everett, vice-president of Arlington Park racetrack, is here handing to Mary Fisher, whose 3-year-old, Golden Ruler, won the richest race of the year. Miss Fisher received the winner's share of the \$359,500 total purse.



48 HOURS

113,609 people saw their Giants play three games against Los Angeles, games that inched the Dodgers ever so slowly toward the real World Series and the biggest baseball payoff of all time. At stake was at least \$9,000 per man for the Dodger players, a bundle of boodle for Owner Walter O'Malley and enough tourist dollars for the city to gold-plate Wilshire Boulevard. At the same time,



pro football, the sporting public's real darling of the decade, opened its season. The American Football League showed the amount of prestige it has freshly won when more than 90,000 people came to its first



four games. Finally, there was Forest Hills, where a near capacity crowd was rewarded with the first glimmer of a new tennis era. Down went Australia's once undownable men. Up, correspondingly, went U.S. hopes for Davis Cup victories. The Davis Cup may be silver but, as was true of sport from coast to coast last weekend, the present and future were pure gold.

CONTINUED

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THE WINNER WAS THE RULER WITH FLOPPY EARS

Nothing perks up an indifferent racing season, especially in the unpredictable 2-year-old division, as much as the sudden emergence of a colt who bowls over his contemporaries with the verve and dash of a potential champion. Happily, just such a youngster has recently appeared in Chicago. After winning three minor races at Arlington Park from July 25th to August 27th, Mary Fisher's chestnut Golden Ruler proved himself the hard way last Saturday. He did it with distinction in the seven-furlong Arlington-Washington Futurity which, in the unlikely event anyone is still not aware of it, is correctly billed as the world's richest horse race. The gross purse on the line in Chicago Saturday was \$352,500.

Fifteen colts made it to the gate, including two supplementary nominees, Malicious and Mr. Brack, at a cost of \$25,000 each. Curiously enough, these two were among the four horses who

did not return to the barn with, at least, walking-around money. In addition to Golden Ruler, no fewer than 10 horses earned something, from the \$90,000 that Raymond Guest's Chieftain picked up for second down to the \$5,000 won by Sun Eternal, who struggled in 14 lengths back.

Despite this golden outpouring, the day belonged to Mary Fisher, her trainer, Chuck Werstler, and their gallant runner. They won a fine, tough race, but not before one horse and his jockey were nearly killed. Amstar, one of the favorites, drew the inside post. He is a speed horse, anyway, and it figured that the draw would help him almost as much as it might hinder Malicious, who had drawn the 15th spot—a lonely stall in the auxiliary starting gate some six feet to the outside of the 14th stall in the regular gate. The start was as perfect as anyone could expect and Amstar, under Jimmy Nichols, broke alertly and

was shooting for the lead with Dunfee and Malicious. The start in the Futurity at Arlington, however, is from the chute on the backstretch. This means that the horses must run nearly a 16th of a mile on the chute before the course runs into the main track. The point where the two merge is marked, not by the continuous portable railing used at some tracks (and which should be used at all of them), but by two ordinary sawhorses positioned in such a way as to persuade horses that this is actually part of the inside railing.

Amstar is not the kind of colt easily persuaded of anything. He fights his trainer and handlers while being saddled and usually throws another wingding at the sight of Jockey Nichols approaching him. But on Saturday, after running perfectly straight from the gate, Amstar suddenly went berserk at the sight of the two sawhorses, or "dogs", as meettrackers call them. He swerved sharply to the inside, ran right into one of the saw-

In a perfect break, 15 colts charge down Arlington's chute. Amstar (nearest rail) still running straight, winner Golden Ruler sixth from right and Malicious on the far outside after leaving first stall in added gate.



Lee Babinaga

horses and bowled it over. Nichols hung on desperately, but when Amastar nearly went down, he was thrown heavily to the ground, suffering compressed fractures of several vertebrae between his shoulders as well as two dislocated toes.

Meanwhile, there was a race going on. The long shot, Dunfee, had the lead to himself after Amastar's spell, but Malicious was pressing him and Golden Ruler, with Herberto Hinojosa aboard, was not far behind. Actually, Hinojosa and Golden Ruler were closest to Amastar when the latter ran amuck, and the noise of the crash, according to Hinojosa, was enough to cause Golden Ruler to check himself momentarily. Hinojosa looked ahead, saw that Dunfee was drawing away, and quickly moved up. Malicious was running with Dunfee, and from the time the field went into the far turn the race was among these three.

In the turn, it was Malicious who gave up first, possibly under the effect of so much speed expended early and because of a knee that has had a suspicious look about it for some time now. Dun-

fee hung on surprisingly well, but Golden Ruler nailed him about the eighth pole. At the finish, Chieftain was traveling fastest of all to beat Dunfee by a head for second place. The rest of the favorites were up the track, with Malicious the last to finish and Rex Ellsworth's The Scoundrel a dismal ninth.

We may have a legitimate champion in Golden Ruler. He is an average-size horse with floppy ears, not really good looking, but he is deeply muscled all the way through and, what is more important, he is in extremely competent hands. Mary Fisher, 49-year-old daughter of the late Charles Fisher of Dixiana Farm in Lexington, Ky. and heiress to the "Body by Fisher" fortune, is a thorough horsewoman. She rode many of Dixiana's champions in the show ring, and she is attached to the conservative school of racing theory. "We pointed for this one race this summer," she said in the winner's circle, "and we're going to take it easy with this colt. I think we'll skip the big eastern races and run in the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland on Oc-

tober 19. That will be five starts for him this year, and that's enough. Then we will go to Hialeah and aim for the Flamingo next winter."

There is no doubt about Golden Ruler's credentials. He is by King of the Tudors, a top English racer and an equally top sire. Golden Ruler's dam, Fulvous, by Spy Song, was an outstanding 2-year-old filly of her year in this country. And Chuck Westler, who learned his race-tracking as a foreman with Hasty House Farm, is a sound trainer. A handsome 43-year-old from Greentown, Ohio, he almost blushed when he said proudly, "This is a great honor for a farm boy."

When Mary Fisher got her \$122,500 check from Arlington's Marge Everett, however, she wasn't blushing. Thinking of her friends back in Detroit, of her friends in Lexington and her racing friends everywhere, she said, "I hate to imagine what this is going to cost me before I get through. When people read about your winning such a big sum you suddenly find you have a whole bunch of new friends."

—WHITELY TOWNE





Photo courtesy of the Los Angeles Dodgers

SHOW OF HANDS FOR THE NO. 1 ARM

The important arm in this picture is the only one not reaching out. It belongs to Sandy Koufax of the Los Angeles Dodgers, and it is the strong arm of the team. Last week in San Francisco, Sandy used it to win his 22nd game and lead the Dodgers closer to the National League pennant. Should the Dodgers win that pennant, and only the St. Louis Cardinals can stop them, Koufax stands to make \$9,000 to \$12,000 as his share of the World Series receipts. Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley would make a lot more. Assuming that the Series goes five games, O'Malley's Dodger Stadium will take in more than \$1.5 million, while Los Angeles businessmen estimate they will profit by \$7 million or so from the tourist trade, money that was lost last year when the Koufax arm did not function for three months. Recently Koufax has been drawing 7,000 extra people into Dodger Stadium when he pitches, and as many as 15,000 extra on the road. He is in one of the finest bargaining positions a ballplayer can attain. If the Dodgers win in 1963, what will Sandy Koufax be worth in 1964? Now being paid a salary of \$40,000, he might follow the lead of another great fastball pitcher, Bob Feller. In 1946 Feller worked out a bonus arrangement that resulted in his getting \$45,000 plus a share of the gate receipts. This netted him another \$41,500. Right now the arms are all reaching for Sandy, but a month from now he may be in a position to consider a happy reach of his own.

—WILLIAM LUGGIST

Pleading for autographs, a multitude of fans stretch for their strong-armed idol

A PAIR OF PAINED PLUTOCRATS GAVE TV A SHOW

There are occasions when professional golf's big winners seem to act like giant one-man corporations, gobbling up prize money with the disposition of a steel mill swallowing pig iron. Last weekend's television extravaganza, the 36-hole \$75,000 World Series of Golf, looked initially as if it would be one of those times.

Three of the sport's biggest and most muscular corporate types, Masters and PGA Champion Jack Nicklaus, U.S. Open Champion Julius Boros and leading money winner Arnold Palmer, rolled into the industrial city of Akron to compete for the \$50,000 first prize, the biggest payoff for two days' work that the game offers. Also along was that tall, skinny and noncorporate left-hander, Bob Charles, the British Open champion whose chances seemed slimmer than his build. The assignment for the three corporate types was a simple one: go out and win and get home. But by the time the weekend drew to a close late Sunday afternoon and Jack Nicklaus had pock-

eted the winner's check, there had been a kind of excitement on and off the golf course that was distinctly unbusinesslike.

First of all, Arnold Palmer, whose closely cropped brown hair is now sprinkled with wisps of gray, had a very human problem, bursitis. Every time he tried to launch an especially long or hard shot, a sore muscle in his right shoulder sent out a stab of pain. Palmer's soreness was almost certainly temporary, but the situation was hardly soothed by a wire-service story which proclaimed that Arnold's career was in dire jeopardy and compared the tragedy that was striking Palmer at the height of his powers to the early demise of Alexander the Great.

"This is ridiculous," said Palmer when he read the story in an Akron paper on Friday. "I had a similar pain in my left shoulder back in 1955 that was even worse. I had to stop playing completely then. This is something that golfers get all the time, along with sore hands and bad backs—an occupational hazard. It goes away with a little rest. Ready to retire?

My answer to that is a very emphatic no."

This matter had hardly been set straight when Nicklaus came up with a tremendous pain in his public image. It both upset his composure and raised his score, and it may last a great while longer than the ache in Palmer's shoulder.

Nicklaus is certainly one of the finest golfers the game has seen. But on the golf course his personality and play are both stolid and phlegmatic. Consequently, he has never earned his true share of public affection. Yet he is actually one of the friendliest and best-humored of pro golfers, enjoying victory and accepting defeat with the same good grace. And far from being a stone Buddha, he likes exchanging jokes and jibes with his fellow golfers. This got him into trouble at Akron.

Following their first practice round with Charles and Boros over the arduous Firestone Country Club course, Nicklaus and Palmer sat in the press tent answering questions and kidding each other lightly as they have often done, both in public and in private.

"If this is supposed to be a contest for champions only, then Arnold doesn't belong here," needled Jack, referring to the fact that Palmer had joined the three major tournament champions on the show only after winning a qualifying playoff to round out the foursome. "Arnold's strictly an also-ran in the major events. The World Series should have winners, not also-rans. Isn't that right, Arnold?"

Palmer had time to mumble only a good-natured assent before hurrying to his private plane for the 40-minute commuting trip he was making daily between Akron and his home in Latrobe, Pa. Nicklaus, assuming that he had engaged in nothing more than light badinage with his friend, strolled out to the practice tee to hit some shots.

The fact that Nicklaus' remarks were meant strictly as a friendly rib was apparently understood by everybody except United Press International. The story it sent out did not have the trace of a smile in it. Picking it up, the *Akron Beacon Journal* ran a bold headline that



Wrathful Jack brooded about more than his score as he sat, seething, on his golf bag.

shrieked JACK LABILE ARNIE AN "ALSO RAN."

How many *Beacon Journal* readers were on the course when the foursome began play Saturday morning is anybody's guess, but it is a fact that the gallery of some 4,000 people looked on in chill silence as Nicklaus buried the first two holes. Jack survived some mighty and gutsy scrambling by aching Arnie, who one-putted seven of the first nine greens to reach the turn in even par 35, and eventually Nicklaus held a three-shot lead over Palmer and Charles and four strokes over Boros as they moved into the 18th hole. There Nicklaus hit a nine-iron approach shot that bounced toward a greenside sand trap. "Get into the trap," called a scattering of voices, no doubt belonging to those who by now had decided Nicklaus was nothing but a podgy pop-off. The ball ended up just off the green, from where Nicklaus chipped up about four feet past the hole for a makable par. But he missed the four-footer, then jabbed at and missed holding the one-foot putt he still had remaining. In those seconds Nicklaus threw away his entire afternoon's work. He and Charles were tied at 70. Palmer was at 71 and Boros at 72. It seemed completely inexplicable. But it wasn't.

"When I heard people yelling for my ball to get in that trap I was really upset," Nicklaus said later. "I know a lot of people don't want to cheer for me, but this is the first time that I have ever heard them cheer against me. They even cheered when I missed that first putt. I was shook by it. That story in the paper was about the most foolish I've ever read, but I guess a lot of people believed it."

This drew sympathetic amens from Palmer. "Good Lord," he said, "it was just plain, good-natured needling. I was calling him Ohio Fats, needing him on the course. We just did a little more needling off the course."

Sunday brought back into focus an aspect of this unique golf event that had been almost forgotten in the swirl of other developments: each of the contestants had a different reason for wanting to win.

For Bob Charles the incentive was, of course, the \$50,000. "The money means a great deal more to me than to the others," he explained. "So I guess you could

say there should be more pressure on me. But, actually, I feel very good about my position. I'm the underdog. No one expects me really to do much of anything."

For Boros the challenge was to demonstrate there was no such thing as a Big Three of golf—Palmer, Nicklaus and Gary Player. "Look, my job is to beat three other guys," he said in his soft voice. "I don't care whether we're playing for \$50,000 or \$1,000. I'm playing well now, and when I'm playing well I feel I can beat anyone. I guess I'm glad I have the chance to play a couple of them here. When you win you want to have beaten the best."

For Palmer the incentive was obvious. For the first time since 1959 he has gone without a major championship. This represented a chance to defeat the three who had deprived him of the titles he relishes.

For Nicklaus the object was to show that he was the best.

"The incentive?" he said. "You know me. It's to win. Though \$50,000 is nice to have—and what do I have after taxes?—I'd want to win just as badly if we were playing for nothing."

Has was the incentive that was to pre-

vail on Sunday afternoon—this and a residue of anger caused by the off-course byplay. Nicklaus teed off, determined to win the show as quickly as possible. After only six holes he was four strokes ahead of his nearest rival, Charles. Then Palmer put on one of his great spurts, hitting each shot beautifully and cheering the hearts of bursts sufferers everywhere. By the 12th he had overtaken a faltering Nicklaus, only to fall back immediately again when he smashed a two-iron shot smack into the middle of a tree trunk. Now it was Boros' turn, and in his unspectacular way Big Jay came up with four spectacular birdies on the last six holes. It was all Nicklaus could do on the 18th to slap his way out from a group of trees, get down in two putts from 75 feet away and end up with a one-stroke victory. He was even par for the 36 holes. Boros finished second, Palmer two strokes behind him, and Charles four more back.

"I think I was choking a bit at the end," confessed Nicklaus afterward. It had been a hard week for Jack Nicklaus, Inc., both in and out of the office. He earned his \$50,000.

—GUILYM S. BROWN



Anxious Arnold let his face reflect his discomfort as he taxed his aching shoulder.

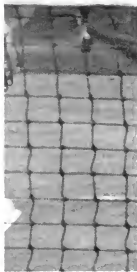
GOLDEN WEEKEND *continued*

IT WAS ANYBODY'S CHAMPIONSHIP—

Back to top



UNTIL A MEXICAN WITH A DEFT TOUCH MADE IT HIS



From the first serve at Forest Hills, it was anybody's tournament, the most wide-open men's singles championship in years. With Rod Laver gone off to the pros where he belongs, the usual horde of marauding Australians was reduced to one, in effective strength at least, and it seemed time for the young Americans—or someone—to take over. The Americans took a good whack at it, as did a pair of surprising young men from Brazil, but in the end the new U.S. national champion turned out to be from Mexico by way of the University of Southern California.

That Rafael Osuna, the agile and cerebral Mexican Davis Cupper and former U.S. collegiate champ, should win the final match by a 7-5, 6-4, 6-2 score despite being seeded no higher than fourth was only incidental to the excitement generated in earlier rounds by the wholesale collapse of seeded players. The uncertainty of even official attempts to predict the outcome was demonstrated when the No. 2 seed (Australia's Roy Emerson) went out before the quarter-finals, the No. 3 seed (Dennis Ralston) in the quarters and the No. 1 seed (Chuck McKinley) in the semis, the latter two in straight sets. In fact, the most exciting player in the tournament, not even excluding Mexico's Osuna, was not seeded at all.

A lanky youngster from Coral Gables, Fla., who looks like a distracted whooping crane and plays tennis like a windmill spinning out of control, Frank Froehling III, 21, kept American hearts in his high pockets for a full seven rounds. He became the first American to reach the final round of the championships since 1955, and bowed in the end only to the superior stroking and court generalship of Osuna, who has never played better tennis than in this tournament.

U.S. hopes had been riding high since before the tournament began, but they had not centered around Frank Froehling. McKinley and Ralston each appeared to be at the top of his game, while newcomer Eugene Scott (No. 7) and vet-

eran Ham Richardson (No. 8) were each given an outside chance. But Richardson, an aging 30, faded in the third round before David Sanderlin of UCLA, and Scott was beaten by an 18-year-old Brazilian named Thomas Koch. Meanwhile, McKinley and Ralston were having some troubles of their own.

With McKinley it was his back, injured in the first set of his opening-round match, which hampered him throughout the tournament. With Ralston it was, as always, his temper.

There was no reason to suspect that McKinley's opening match with an obscure Ecuadorian named Eduardo Zuleta would be one of the most exciting and dramatic of the tournament. Few of the spectators even bothered to watch, figuring they would see McKinley against tougher competition in later rounds. Leaving the stadium nearly empty, they strolled from one field court to another, as is the custom during early rounds at Forest Hills. As a result, most of them missed seeing Chuck hit four blistering serves in the second game that drew gasps from the small crowd. It seemed obvious the match would be a quick one. Then, changing courts after the third game, McKinley reached for a towel and a sharp pain stung the lower right part of his back.

"I must have done something to it the game before," he said later. "Or maybe I served too hard without warming up." Whatever the reason, the next time he served, it was a soft spin, no harder than your Aunt Mabel's. Because he did not grab his back or wince, several games passed before anyone realized something was wrong. Even Zuleta was unsure, thinking for a while that McKinley was merely toying with him. Then it became obvious. Whenever Zuleta hit a drop shot and followed it with a lob, McKinley would wait until the ball was shoulder-high, so that he could volley it with a forehand instead of an overhead. Noting this, Zuleta began to run McKinley forward and back, mixing lobs with drop shots. It made for a marvelous-

continued

Steeping to conquer, Rafael Osuna executes a forehand volley on his way to the national singles championship. Osuna's cagey tactics, along with his speed and quick reactions, kept his opponents constantly off balance



Exhibiting frustration over tournament setbacks, Dennis Ralston (left) slams racket to turf and Chuck McKinley sprawls in dejection. Feb. of

GOLDEN WEEKEND continued

ly exciting match, an old-fashioned baseline game with long rallies. "I was the Betsy Grant of 1963," said Chuck later. But he seemed a losing Betsy. Zuleta, in command, won the first set, then the second. As word of the upset spread, the stadium began to fill with people, few of them realizing even now that McKinley was hurt.

McKinley hung on to win the third set. Then, in the 10-minute recess before the fourth, a hastily summoned doctor fed him some pills to ease the pain and sprayed his back with a solution that kept the area warm. Considerably revived, McKinley reappeared and beat Zuleta easily in the last two sets, though still serving at only half speed.

For the next few days Chuck's aching back was a major topic of conversation around Forest Hills. He won, but he was forced to rely upon finesse rather than

his usual explosive power game. And in the quarter-finals he came within a point of losing to Koch, the same young Brazilian who had beaten Scott. That McKinley reached the semifinals at all was a tribute to his courage and superior all-round game but, once there, his defeat by Osuna was so definitive that it is difficult to see how he could have won even with a sound back.

Unlike McKinley, Dennis Ralston's problem at Forest Hills was mental, not physical. Playing against Owen Davidson, an Australian left-hander, in an early match, he seemed to have both himself and his famed temper well under control. Then he made two poor shots, got what he considered a bum call and dropped the third set. Sputtering and fuming, Ralston stormed off the court to the stadium dressing room. Davis Cup Captain Bob Kelleher hurried back to soothe his

angry star, but Ralston would not be soothed. When he received another questionable call in the fourth set, he walked over to the linesman, spun his racket around and machine-gunned the official in angry pantomime. When he dropped the game, Ralston threw his racket about 20 feet. There were some mild boos from the crowd and one long, loud one. Ralston stared fiercely at the gallery and dared the boos "to come on down here and do that." Asked later what he would have done had his heckler come down from the stands, Ralston answered, "I'd have hit him over the head with my racket."

Two rounds later, Ralston was eliminated by a poised, mature, sophisticated and untruffled young Brazilian of 22 named Ronnie Barnes, who on the tennis court seems to be everything Dennis Ralston is not.



the U.S. Davis Cup heroes paved the way for a Mexican to win even though another American became the first to reach netlevel finals since 1955.

Meanwhile, unsung and unseeded, Frank Froehling had scored the sensation of the tournament by deftly dispatching Roy Emerson in four sets, thereby eliminating the last of the six Australian male players before the quarter-finals. Although Emerson had not been playing well this year, his early form at Forest Hills (he had won his first three matches without losing a set) made many people think he was on his game again. But Froehling's big serve, the most powerful in tennis, was never better, and when Emerson had to face it the 1961 champion could only shake his head in disbelief as shot after shot from Froehling's racket sped past him. The score: Froehling, 6-4, 4-6, 9-7, 6-2.

After beating Emerson, Froehling almost came to grief against England's Bobby Wilson, a seasoned and very competent tournament player who was seed-

ed sixth. Froehling somehow rallied to win the five-set match, gain the semi-finals and beat Ronnie Barnes, hardly working up a sweat. Then came Osuna and a defeat that seemed inevitable once it got under way.

Few players at Forest Hills in the recent past have displayed shrewder generalship on the courts than the new Mexican champion of the U.S. It has been a long time since the lob was used as a weapon of high strategy in a national championship, but in both of his critical matches last week Osuna lobbed his way to victory with consummate skill. His lobs against McKinley when the latter was facing the sun forced so many errors that Chuck began to lose the confidence his game depends on. He made foolish mistakes—returning serves with dinky chipping shots that were so much chicken meat to the agile Osuna instead

of smacking his returns across the net in true McKinley style.

It was hot in the stadium when Osuna went out against Froehling's battering power strokes. Many of the spectators had taken off their jackets, leaving a panorama of white shirts as a background for lobs. Osuna took full advantage of the situation.

Standing farther behind the baseline than any top player within memory, Osuna gave himself plenty of time to cope with Froehling's big serve. When one of these cannonballs came crashing over the net, he would catch it late and send it up in the air, time and again, against the backdrop of white shirts or high above the stadium, in the sun. Such tactics, besides breaking the strongest serve in tennis six times in three sets, effectively smashed U.S. hopes for a U.S. championship.

—WALTER BINGHAM

TOO MANY CHIEFS MADE TOO MANY TOUCHDOWNS

On the plane that carried the Kansas City Chiefs, the champions of the American Football League, across the shadow of the Rockies to their opening game against the Denver Broncos last week, Abner Haynes, the team's fancy running back and a virtual symbol of the league itself, was giggling and twisting in the aisle and winning an argument about Texas. Haynes was claiming that his home state, and the place from which the Chiefs had moved, had given pro football a greater number of stars than California. "Just name the position, baby," said Haynes to talent director

Don Klosterman, a Californian. "Half-backs," said Klosterman. "Go, baby," said Haynes. Klosterman said, "Jon Arnett." Haynes's eyes flashed and he said, "Oh, give me Doak Walker, quick." Klosterman hurriedly offered, "Hugh McElhenny." Haynes paused a second, snapped his fingers and said, "Abner Haynes. Ooh, baby." And Abner danced away.

A day and a night later Abner Haynes and astonishingly powerful Kansas City danced away from the Denver Broncos in such fashion that it looked as if Lamar Hunt, the 31-year-old owner of the

Chiefs, might have to find another league for them to play in. Hunt's team revealed so many weapons in defeating Denver by the record-smashing score of 59-7 that the possibility arose the AFL might have a team too strong for its own good.

Coch Hank Stram had brought his defending champions along slowly through the exhibition season, exploring the possibilities of the top rookies that Don Klosterman had signed for him. Quarterback Lennie Dawson had been spared the grind of extensive warm-up game exposure, and Stram had reserved



a new and exciting I formation to use against Coach Jack Faulkner's improved but soon-to-be-stunned Broncos. From the instant that the game got under way in a rainstorm that swept over the turf of the University of Denver's quaint little stadium, the Chiefs knew they were hot. Dazzling the Broncos with the new formation, Dawson drove his team straight to a touchdown, using Haynes and Fyall-back Curtis McClinton on outside runs, befuddling Denver's uncertain cornermen, then throwing a 17-yard pass to McClinton for the score. Before the evening was over, Dawson passed for three more touchdowns, setting a record for himself, and the merry-go-round Kansas City offense sped to a new AFL scoring

record. The Chiefs even had the audacity to let McClinton throw a left-handed touchdown pass and to let Abner Haynes set up a touchdown by throwing a pass. The Kansas City defense, led by Middle Guard Jerry Mats, intercepted five passes, scored twice and smothered Denver's attack. Nor could Kansas City's defense be too vicious for Hank Stram, a man who labored 12 years as an assistant coach at four universities (Purdue, Notre Dame, SMU and Miami) before Hunt gave him his chance. Once during the massacre at Denver, Stram noticed his giant rookie lineman, Junious Buchanan, helping up a Bronco player he had plowed under. "Let him get up by himself," Stram hollered. "It's your

job to knock him down, Buck, not pick him up."

Stram's prekickoff pep talk to the grim and solemn Chiefs, who were only six-point favorites, had consisted of a short, simple lecture. "There's no mystery to this game," he said. "Just hit and win. You're the Yankees of the AFL." Stram was as right as Houk. After the game he pointed at Dawson.

"There's the story," said Stram. "Look at his pants. Not a spot on 'em." Dawson smiled and said quietly, "I'm glad we outscored the defense."

Said Abner Haynes, "Oh, give me Lennie Dawson, quick."

Owner Hunt, huddled under a rain slicker, watched from the top row of

continued



Off again on another of the dazzling runs that have made him the most exciting player in the American Football League, Abner Haynes (28) deserts his interference to kick helpless Denver for 13 yards.

Photograph by Bob Grier

the stadium, his emotions oscillating between immediate joy and long-term worry as his Chiefs steadily rode the Broncos.

"He's got a no-bitter going," said Hunt as Dawson completed his first seven passes. "They're all strikes."

When McClinton unloaded his left-handed bomb to End Chris Burford, a 33-yard surprise that sailed high and end over end rather than in a spiral, Hunt grinned and said, "McClinton throws the satellite ball."

But when the scoreboard reached 49 to 7 with the entire fourth quarter yet to play, Lamar Hunt's thoughts turned from his team to his league. "That score is double unreal," he said. "This might be a bad thing. It's really bad for Denver to open up like this."

It was only natural that Hunt should worry. He worries about everything in the AFL. Four years ago the joke was that Hunt invented the league because every time he tried to invest his money in something he discovered that his father already owned it. Things like Louisiana, Dallas and Libya, which the Hunts own. There were a lot of jokes about H. L. Hunt's oil millions and his young-

est son's hobby, the AFL. Last week, however, when the AFL happily began its fourth season with a sane, solid, exciting, here-to-stay look about it, the joke was on all of the skeptics who had predicted that a second professional football league would fade away like Norman Thomas campaign buttons and hula hoops.

But as the AFL opened its first week of play in Denver, San Diego, Boston and Houston before a combined audience of nearly 100,000 (and millions more on television), Lamar Hunt had a lot of things to be pleased about, not the least of which was the winning performance of the Kansas City Chiefs. They had a new name and a new following, and in defeating the Denver Broncos they looked better than they had when, as the Dallas Texans, they won the championship from Houston last December in a prolonged sudden-death game that thrilled even sophisticated NFL fans.

In Kansas City, where Hunt moved the team last June, there are signs everywhere indicating that the Chiefs will make money and, even more important to its hero-worshipping owner, be appreciated. "It's impossible, of course, for anything to be appreciated and not be on a paying basis," says Hunt, "but if there was any way that we could break even just by having the stadium filled with fans who like and follow the team the way I do, I guess I would be happy. Yeah, I can be called a hero worshiper, I suppose."

The first sign of instant success was Kansas City's season-ticket drive to obtain the franchise from Hunt's home town of Dallas. Kansas City civic leaders had promised to deliver 25,000 season-ticket sales. It was an elaborate undertaking, and the final total will be closer to 15,000, but the enthusiasm alone was more than enough to convince Hunt that the area was fertile and that the struggle in Dallas with the NFL Dallas Cowboys was hopeless for both. In Kansas City 52 different companies purchased at least 50 season tickets each, whereas in Dallas, in three years, no more than four ever had done so—including the Hunt Oil Company. As Coach Hank Stram prepared for the opener in Denver, Kansas City's local booster club for the Chiefs held its first downtown luncheon. Hunt was amazed to count 270 guests, with standing room only. In Dallas, at the first boosters'

meeting in 1960, he had counted 46.

"It feels strange to be in a city that does not suffer from an overpopulation of professional football teams," Hunt said. "But it feels good."

Local enthusiasm is not the only thing that makes Hunt and his Chiefs feel better in Kansas City. There is a modern new office building, located in a lovely area of Swope Park, and an adjoining walled-in practice field, both rent free. The Chiefs will be charged just \$1 rental on Municipal Stadium for the first two seasons and then only 5% of the gross if the gate receipts exceed \$1.1 million in a season. "For the Cotton Bowl in Dallas," says Hunt, "it would cost three times as much for the same gross." Moreover, the Chiefs get half of the concession profits in Kansas City; in Dallas they received nothing.

Despite all this, Hunt and Stram still wanted to call the team the Kansas City Texans. And they were quite serious.

"People are still laughing at me," says Hunt. "Jack Steadman, our general manager, can't get over it. But I still wish we were the Texans. I know it's foolish and I hope the people in Kansas City forgive me. But, you know, the struggle in Dallas was so deadly and we fought to a championship as the Texans and, I don't know, we just hated to give it up. I thought, too, that a lot of other teams move and keep their nicknames. The Rams from Cleveland to Los Angeles, the Giants, the Dodgers, the Lakers, and others. I was hoping we could get away with it, and Hank almost had me talked into it. But I guess it's better we didn't."

Even though the club held a contest in hopes of finding a nickname that would please Hunt, and even though 5,200 suggestions were sent in, it came down to a choice between Chiefs and Texans. "We had some funny ones," says Hunt. "The Mid-America Royal Hearts, for example, which has a historical significance that I can't explain. And, of course, some great ones from Dallas people, like Chicken Rat Finks."

The finally-chosen name has a double significance for which Hunt is grateful. Aside from being representative of the old Indian territory, the name honors the man who had more than anyone else to do with luring Hunt to Kansas City, former Mayor H. Roe Bartle, who is known on every street corner as "The Chief."



Chiefs' Owner Hunt (seated) smiles of a joke by H. Roe Bartle, who lured team to K.C.



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DODGERS

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So maybe things have worked out evenly after all.

The big boys learned something from us.



Hunt, a quiet, mild, cleanly handsome young man in glasses whose most notorious vice is eating strawberry cheesecake in unlikely quantities, was frankly overwhelmed by the eloquent, exuberant, outgoing H. Roe Bartle, a 67-year-old, 300-pound campaigner.

Bartle approached Hunt about the move last winter. Then, after a series of secret meetings in Kansas City, during which time Lamar Hunt was introduced as "Mr. Lamar" and Jack Steadman was known as "Jack X," a government investigator," Bartle sold Hunt on Kansas City and sold Kansas City's business leaders on the Dallas Texans. There were code words used in telephone conversations, and some of the conversations were on private lines. No one in Dallas besides Hunt and Steadman ever knew what was going to happen. Nor did Kansas City's city council and business leaders like ex-Kansas All-America Ray Evans, now president of Traders' National Bank and leader of the ticket drive, spill the big secret.

At the first meeting between Hunt and the city council, Roe Bartle said, "Gentlemen, you have known me a long time and you have never known me to make love to another man, but, Mr. Hunt, I have courted you and wooed you like a princess, have I not?"

Says Hunt, "Kansas City can be sure that Mr. Bartle and Ray Evans are two of the biggest reasons why we went to Kansas City."

There were at least seven other reasons for the move: the rest of the AFL owners, who had been begging Hunt to get out of Dallas since the antitrust suit against the NFL was lost and buried in appeal. "He can go to Tokyo just as long as he leaves Dallas," said San Diego's Barron Hilton. Torn between his loyalty to the league he originated and the city he loved, Hunt struggled with the problem—and might still be struggling if it had not been for KC's attractive offer.

Hunt has worried about the league as much as he has about the players that he boyishly and gleefully serves meals to on the team planes and joins for workouts on the practice field.

"In my enthusiasm," says Hunt, who believes the old tales about rich, obtrusive Texans, "I have probably been responsible for as many bad ideas as good ones. I invented the secret draft, a totally embarrassing calamity. I voted against the two-point conversion rule, which I now

like. I keep suggesting mandatory kickoff returns, elimination of the fair catch on punts, sudden-death playoffs for all games, names on the fronts of jerseys, a silent draft and lie-detector tests twice a year for all game officials."

And he says cheerfully, "I keep getting voted down 7-1." Hunt, however, has been instrumental in doing a lot of good things for his league. He has been at least partly responsible for the equal division among clubs of television revenue ("The NFL copied us"), the hiring of

"He's so observant," says the Chiefs' imaginative publicity man, Bob Halford. "He walked into my office one day and told me that the AFL and NFL standings in our game program the previous week were an eighth of an inch off center. He would never interfere with Hank Stram's coaching, but he worries about every tiny detail that might affect the image of the league."

Just recently Hunt wrote the Oakland Raiders and suggested that they should never send out a publicity photograph of



A lawyer and a jester. Abner Hayes entertains teammates during Chiefs' flight to Denver.

Commissioner Joe Foss, who got off to a slow start but is now showing strength, the equalization draft of players, the antitrust suit against the competing NFL "which showed them we were serious and meant to stay in business," and, comically, getting rid of the Denver Broncos' vertical-striped socks.

Although Hunt continues to live in Dallas, he also continues to devote most of his time to league promotion. He is an ardent letter writer. He writes to league officials, sportswriters over the nation, owners and publicity men, always making suggestions and offering congratulations on things well done and well said.

their best-known player, Center Jim Otto, wearing a number other than his familiar 00. "I saw a picture of him wearing No. 50, which he has never worn," says Hunt. "I hate to see pictures of pros not wearing long socks, either. That's really bush."

What is not bush and therefore first class is the team that Hunt has put together in just three years. It is a team that knows its owner as Lamar, that jokes with him, loafs with him, is around him socially. More important, it is a team that is working for him, and working just as hard in Kansas City as it did in Dallas.

—DAN JENKINS

MAKERS

BY PERCY KNAUTH



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OF THE SPORTS PAGE

Four men—a Greek historian, a Holy Roman Emperor, a French count and an English duke—were the first influential writers on sport. This is the story of their lives and how they shaped an art

The art of writing about sport is ancient: it goes back at least 2,500 years. This may surprise some readers of the sports pages, and even some of the writers and editors thereof. But more surprising still is the fact that the tradition of sports literature—the tradition that still dominates writing about sport today—was established and defined by four highly unlikely men. The ability to name any of them will win bets at a gathering of experts.

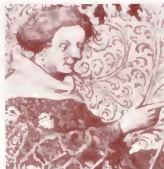
One was a Greek soldier-historian who lived around the 4th century B.C., one a ruler of the Holy Roman Empire in the Middle Ages, one a tempestuous French count who lived a century or so later and one a man variously described as a black-hearted villain and a hero: a Duke of York of 15th century England.

Yet these men, so dissimilar and separated in time and place, were sportswriters; and anyone who doubts this statement has only to study *The Origins of Angling* by John McDonald, published this week by Doubleday & Company (\$10). The author, who some six years ago wrote in the pages of this magazine the story of Dame Juliana Berners, the 15th century nun supposed to have written *The Treatise of Fishing with an Angle* (SI, May 13, 1957 *et seq.*), now traces the lineage of sport still further. And although his preoccupation—he has been a dedicated angler since the age of 12—is primarily with fishing and its literature, he clearly shows the line that leads back over 25 centuries through Edward Plantagenet, Gaston de Foix and Frederick II, of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, to Xenophon.

All of these men wrote on hunting, probably the oldest of all sports practiced by man. All of them wrote of it as sport, separate and distinct from hunting for food. They cared enough to set down the elements of these pursuits as they had learned them, through long and often violent experience, so that they might be well and truly understood and so that others who followed them might practice them in the proper and prescribed way.

This was no happenstance: it was the outgrowth of a basic attitude that saw sport as a transcendence of life itself, as a physical exercise to which

continued



Frederick II (left) loved falconry. Xenophon (right, above) considered hunting a religion; so Count Gaston de Foix, hunting was life itself.

deep meaning had been added. To them it was noble—both in the social and the moral sense of the word—and heroic, too, for they were heroic men who led heroic lives. And though sport, as McDonald shows, did not in its further development single-mindedly follow this heroic concept—fishing, for example, introduced a more contemplative ideal—it did follow the moral line, which is still the essence of our writing and thinking about it.

Inevitably, in reading about the literary tradition established by these pioneers, one is led to wonder what sort of men they were, what manner of lives they led. They wrote, each of them, with passionate devotion to the art of sport, which was of such importance to them and which, in its basic definition, has remained unaltered through the ages.

All of them were noblemen and soldiers with a literary bent. Xenophon was an active campaigner from about his 20th year; his military writings—he has been called the world's first war correspondent, so lively and contemporary-sounding are the accounts he left behind—are as well known as his philosophical works. Less well known is his work on horsemanship, in which he gives detailed instructions on choosing, grooming, riding and maintaining a horse. The same attention to detail is evident in *Cynegeticus*, his essay on hunting, the first known study of its kind.



Xenophon hunted with hounds, and his book deals chiefly with the hare, his favorite prey, though he describes boar hunting, too. He was a vigorous man, an adventurer and a first-class leader, and he indulged his taste for sport all his life. But he was a meticulous man, too. His care for detail was intense—he even suggests suitable names for hunting hounds, as well as giving careful instructions for their breeding and training. From a practical point of view, he consid-

ered hunting excellent training for the body and the mind; those who pursue it, he said, "will secure health for their bodies, greater keenness of sight and hearing, and a later old age."

Frederick II, Holy Roman Emperor, King of Sicily, King of Jerusalem, last great ruler of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, finished his book *De Arte Venandi cum Avibus* (*The Art of Falconry*) shortly before his death in the year 1250. This extraordinary volume presented, in 389 pages of closely reasoned Latin, the theory and practice of hunting with birds of prey—including observations on their care, feeding, training, breeding and individual characteristics so astute that it is still considered a remarkable ornithological work. Frederick himself characterized his book as the labor of 30 years.

Frederick II was in all respects an exceptional man. His biographers are invariably staggered by his performance, calling him the "scholar emperor," the "sporting emperor," the "infidel emperor" and using all kinds of vivid

descriptions in an effort to summarize his talents. He was a German king with a Sicilian kingdom in which he chiefly made his home. His court at Palermo was the center of a cosmopolitan Mediterranean culture where many writers found support. Having grown up in Sicily, he was friendly with Jews and Mohammedans, as well as being the Christian ruler of the Holy Roman Empire—a position which brought him into frequent and far-reaching conflict with his ecclesiastical counterpart, the Pope in Rome. This familiarity with Jewish, Moslem and Byzantine cultures gave him an unusually broad and liberal outlook for his day, and as a scholar and patron he played an important role in the revival of ancient learning.

This revival, begun in earnest in the previous century, had reached a high point in Frederick's time. At his imperial court, translators put a good deal of ancient Greek and Arabic writings into medieval Latin. Michael Scott, astrologer and translator of Aristotle, was his friend and counselor, and Frederick was in a position not only to quote the great Greek, the Prince of Philosophers, but also to find fault with him as a writer about birds. "We discovered," he wrote in *The Art of Falconry*, "by hard-won experience that the deductions of Aristotle, whom we followed when they appealed to our reason, were not entirely to be relied upon, more particularly in his descriptions of the characters of certain birds. . . . In his work, the *Liber Animalium*, we find many quotations from other authors whose statements he did not verify and who, in their turn, were not speaking from experience. Entire conviction of the truth," concluded Frederick, "in words which many a sports editor has repeated, with variations, to erring writers through the centuries, 'never follows mere hearsay.'"

Red-bearded, bald and shortsighted, Frederick must have been an enormously dynamic man. The source of his driving energy was passion—not only a passionate dedication to what he believed in, but also a passionate determination to see that it was done right. This is evident in his life as a politician and a soldier (though he was not great as a military leader), and it is obvious in his writings on falconry. He loved the sport, but he felt it was misunderstood. In the very first words of his treatise he speaks of "the many errors made by our predecessors who, when writing on the subject, degraded the noble art of falconry by slavishly copying the misleading and often insufficient statements to be found in the works of certain hackneyed authors. With the object of bequeathing it to posterity we now offer a true and careful account of these matters between the covers of this monograph."

Having thus denounced all available writings on his favorite subject, Frederick then candidly set forth his own credentials: "We have investigated and studied with the greatest solicitude and in minute detail all that relates to this art, exercising both mind and body so that we might eventually be qualified to describe and interpret the fruits of knowledge acquired from our own experiences or gleaned from others. For example, we, at great expense, summoned from the four quarters of the earth masters in the practice of the art of falconry. We entertained these experts in our own domains, meantime seeking their opinions, weighing the importance of their knowledge, and endeavoring to re-

continued



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At left is Bob Coury, director general of the Jantzen International Sports Club and the Boston College knickerbooster team. Center is Frank Gifford, of the New York Giants. At right is Paul Harwood, of Green Bay Packers. Photo by Tom Kelley.

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tain in memory the more valuable of their words and deeds."

Why all this incredible effort and expense? To understand this is to understand what sport has really meant to men for centuries, even millenniums: not a spectacle, not an adventure, not a means of relaxation and change from daily routine and toil, but an integral part of life. No one has yet succeeded in defining this adequately; perhaps it is beyond definition. Frederick, too, sought to define that meaning. "The pursuit of falconry," he wrote, "enables nobles and rulers, disturbed and worried by the cares of state, to find relief in the pleasures of the chase. The poor, as well as the less noble, by following this avocation, may earn some of the necessities of life; and both classes will find in bird life attractive manifestations of the processes of nature. The whole subject of falconry falls within the realm of natural science, for it deals with the nature of bird life."

But what particularly attracted the Emperor was that falconry has rewards all of its own, inherent in the difficult task of training wild, rapacious birds to do man's will. He scorned hunting by means of nets, snares, bows and arrows, spears and other instruments; he even looked down on hunting animals with other animals such as hounds and leopards. "It is true," he said, "that [these] latter are more popular, because their technique is crude and easier to learn; falconry, on the other hand, is less familiar and does not commend itself to the majority because skill in it is difficult to acquire and because it is more refined."

"Any dabbler in ventry," Frederick concluded scornfully, "can readily hold in leash or let loose dogs or other quadrupeds; but in the pursuit of falconry no tyro can so easily join in the chase, either to carry his birds or to throw them off at the quarry. Falcons and other hawks are rendered clumsy or entirely unmanageable if placed under control of an ignorant interloper. By using his hearing and eyesight alone an ignorant may learn something about other kinds of hunting in a short time; but without an experienced teacher and frequent exercise of the art properly directed no one, noble or ignoble, can hope to gain in a short time an expert or even an ordinary knowledge of falconry."

Clearly, what appealed to Frederick in hunting, besides the passion of the chase, was finesse. Entirely different in all respects except in his dedication to his sport was Gaston de Foix, who wrote, a century later, the celebrated hunting treatise, *Libre de Chasse (The Book of Hunting)*.

Gaston III, Count of Foix and Béarn, was destined from birth to be a man of character and accomplishment. The kings of Aragon, Navarre and England were his kinsmen, and his lineage was studded with the names of famous warriors. His two principalities lay on the northern slopes of the Pyrenees, and the castle of Orthez was his stronghold, built by his great-great-grandfather, Gaston VII of Béarn, whose daughter's marriage with Roger Bernard III of Foix united the two formidable houses. The author of *Libre de Chasse* was, therefore, a prince of considerable standing among the royalty of Europe, and he lived up to it in every way.

He was, for one thing, enormously wealthy. His enthusiastic biographer, Jean Froissart, described his castle as one of the finest royal residences of any Christian land and stated that in a vault below one of its towers was kept a treasure chest containing "one hundred thousand florins

thirty times over"—the only way of saying 3 million florins before the word million was invented. It has since been figured out that this amounted to about \$8 million. This was more money than any European king could claim to have, and Gaston lived accordingly. Froissart relates that he had 1,600 hounds and, on one occasion, when he met his cousin Edward, the Black Prince, and his bride at Tarbes, Gaston had 600 horses in his train. The festivities at Orthez were legendary in Europe for their lavishness and display, and the castle was understandably high on the list of European aristocracy as a place to be invited to. But not only kings, princes, nobles and ambassadors were guests there; Gaston, too, was a liberal patron of the arts and, while he was not the scholar Frederick was, his court was nonetheless frequented by poets, scientists and artists of the day.



Gaston himself moved about in all glittering pageantry and wealth with the absolutism of a great feudal lord. As a boy he was strikingly handsome, with a head of golden hair so flamboyant in appearance that he was nicknamed Gaston Phoebus—a name, incidentally, that was also attached to the hunting treatise he later wrote, *Libre de Chasse*, and is still used interchangeably with

its title. From boyhood on, his temper was as flaming as the sun which he took as his emblem. "I was wayward and frivolous," he wrote later, "so that I shamed my parents, and all the world said: this one can never be worth anything; unhappy country of which he will be the ruler." The world was only partly right, for Gaston proved to be a good ruler, but his temper plagued him throughout his life and finally led him into a terrible tragedy, the killing of his only son.

As a huntsman, Gaston was no less passionate in his love for the sport than was Frederick, but his favorite method of pursuit gave far more outlet to his violent temperament than did the Holy Roman Emperor's fine and delicate art of handling birds of prey. Gaston hunted with hounds and made the kill himself, as was the custom of the day. A passage from the famous medieval romance, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, that describes the ideal hunter might well describe him:

"But then came the lord himself, spurring his horse, and saw the boar standing at bay. He got down from his horse, and left it standing there, and drew his bright sword, and went forward with long strides, passing through the ford to where the grim beast was waiting for him. The boar watched him coming with his weapon in hand, and his bristles rose and he snorted so fiercely that many feared for the knight. The boar made straight at him and the man and beast fell locked together and the water swirled about them. But the beast had the worst of it, for the man watched his mark well at the first charge, and drove the sharp steel firmly into his throat, right up to the hilt, and pierced the heart. The boar snarled and gave up the fight and made away across the stream, but a hundred hounds fell on him,

continued

biting furiously, and the men drove him to open ground where the hounds finished him off."

This was a situation in which Gaston often found himself; his knowledge of the game he hunted was acquired at first hand. In his book he describes them with a sense of detail that overlooks nothing and a sense of drama that sends shivers down through half a millennium of time. Of the boar, for example, he says:

"It is the beast of this world that is strongest armed, and can sooner slay a man than any other. Neither is there any beast that he could not slay if they were alone sooner than that other beast could slay him, be they lion or leopard, unless they should leap upon his back, so that he could not turn on them with his teeth. And there is neither lion nor leopard that slays a man at one stroke as a boar does, for they mostly kill with the raising of their claws and through biting, but the wild boar slays a man with one stroke as with a knife. . . . It is a proud beast and fierce and perilous, for many times have men seen much harm that he has done. For some men have seen him slit a man from knee up to the breast and slay him all stark dead at one stroke so that he never spoke thereafter. I myself have often been thrown to the ground, and my courser with me, and the courser killed."



And later, writing of the boar's wariness and courage: "A boar hears wonderfully well and clearly, and when he is hunted and comes out of the forest or bush or when he is so hunted that he is compelled to leave the country, he sorely dreads to take to the open country and to leave the forest, and therefore he puts his head out of the wood before he puts out his body, then he abides there and harkens and looks about and takes the wind on every side. And if that time he sees anything that he thinks might hinder him in the way he would go, then he turns again into the wood. Then will he never more come out though all the horns and all the hollowing of the world were there. But when he has undertaken the way to go out he will spare for nothing but will hold his way throughout. When he flees he makes but few turnings, but when he turns to bay, and then he runs upon the hounds and upon the man. And for no stroke or wound that men do him will he complain or cry, but when he runs upon the men he menaces, strongly growling. But while he can defend himself he defends himself without complaint, and when he can no longer defend himself there be few boars that will not complain or cry out when they are overcome to the death."

In such manner and detail does Gaston describe the principal animals of the chase as he came to know them in a lifetime of hunting; but he is no less detailed in his account of the hounds, which he honors throughout as the hunter's indispensable companions, deserving his most scrupulous care. He writes of their wounds and how to treat them, of their sicknesses and the best cures for them and of their nobility in anecdotes that compare them favorably—indeed, sometimes more than favorably—to men. He

writes of rabies and of mange, and where he does not know of a treatment he says so, and where he does, he gives explicit instructions. Some of his ointments make the gorge rise, concocted as they are with quicksilver, spittle "of four fasting men," verdigris, old swine's grease, and the whole stirred and stamped together; others make eminent good sense even today. A kennel constructed according to his directions would serve well for any modern pack, with an effective drainage system, a loft above to keep it cool in summer and warm in winter, doors in front and in the back "and a fair green, where the sun shines all day from morning till eve."

The book was begun in 1387, when Gaston was 56 years old, a time of life when he may well have felt that contemplation and the creation of a permanent record of his acquired experience and skill were in order. Six years before, his son had died violently—some said by the count's own hand. The boy had innocently become involved in an intrigue on the part of Charles the Bad, the appropriately nicknamed King of Navarre, who was Gaston's brother-in-law. Gaston suspected that his son meant to poison him and, in fearful rage, threw him into prison and executed 15 of the boy's young friends for complicity. Later, after a visit by the count, his son was found dead of a wound in the throat, apparently inflicted, either accidentally or in another fit of rage, by a small knife with which Gaston was wont to pare his fingernails.

Whatever the truth, the tragedy hit Gaston hard. He lived for 10 years more, but never spoke of his son again. He died in August 1391, after a bear hunt in the woods of Sauveterre not far from Pamplona. It was a swelteringly hot day, and the bear was not taken until late afternoon. Gaston attended the ceremonial *curée* after the killing and then went to a nearby inn to rest. He had just put out his hands to have cold water poured over them when he suffered an apoplectic stroke and died. He was 60 years old.

At the time of the death of the Count de Foix, Edward Plantagenet, second Duke of York to be, was a young man of 18 in distant England. Few men at this point in his life would have picked him as a likely author of the most famous book on hunting ever to be written in the English language. True, he had a sporting heritage—his father, Edmund of Langley, had the reputation of a man who put his love of hunting and hawking ahead even of his duties to the state—but he was obviously destined for far bigger things. He was a favorite of King Richard II, his cousin, who had already created for him the title of Earl of Rutland and was to shower him in the near future with a plethora of other titles and responsibilities, including Admiral of the Northern Fleet (at age 19), Admiral of England (at age 20), Earl of Cork, Constable of the Tower, Warden of the Cinque Ports and Governor of the Channel Islands, Warden and Chief Justice of the New Forest, Lord of the Isle of Wight and Warden of the West Marches.

The fact that Edward wrote his famous book at all is almost certainly due to his near-fatal predilection for plotting. Even in those days of constant intrigue, he won himself a reputation as a master at this risky game. He plotted for Richard (even to the extent, some say, of sending two of his servants to help assassinate his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester) and later plotted against him. His actions ali-

enated Richard's successor, Henry IV, but Edward won back his favor, only to take part in another plot against the young King—this time to be imprisoned at Pevensey. At one time he had 20 gages thrown down to him—20 challenges to mortal combat (one historian even claims there were 40). When he wrote his book, in 1405, he was only 32 years old, yet he had enough honors and dishonors on his record to fill a lifetime.



House in 1904 for a modern edition of *Master of Game*, spoke of both Gaston and Edward in admiring terms: "Both . . . show an astonishing familiarity with the habits, nature, and chase of their quarry. Both men, like others of their kind among their contemporaries, made of the chase not only an absorbing sport but almost the sole occupation of their leisure hours. They passed their days in the forest and were masters of woodcraft."

Edward, however, almost certainly had other motivations than a powerful dedication to the sport that prompted him to write *Master of Game*. He needed royal favor and, indeed, might well have wanted to express gratitude for the royal favor shown him in not cutting off his head after he plotted against the King. His dedication to the young Prince Henry is couched in most humble terms:

"To the honor and reverence of you my right worshipful and dread Lord Henry by the grace of God eldest son and heir unto the high, excellent and Christian prince Henry the Fourth (by the aforesaid grace, King of England and of France), Prince of Wales, Duke of Guienne, of Lancaster, and of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester:

"I, your own in every humble way, have ventured to make this little, simple book, which I commend and submit to your noble and wise correction; the book which, if it pleases your aforesaid Lordship, shall be named and called *Master of Game*."

And, as noted earlier, shortly after his release from Pevensey castle Edward was in fact made Master of Game to King Henry, a title which he still held when he died at Agincourt.

Edward, too, clearly stated his preference in hunting: he was interested in hunting and hounds. "For, although hawking with noble hawks for the heron and for waterfowl is noble and commendable," he wrote in his prologue to the young prince, "yet it seldom lasts, at the most, over half the year. And even if man found enough game to hawk at between May and Lammas [August 1], no one could find

any hawks to hawk with. But as for hunting, there is no season of all the year that game cannot right well be found in every good region, and also hounds ready to chase it."

Edward's book is for the most part a careful and literal translation of Gaston de Foix's *Libre de Chasse*, but the additions which he wrote himself are important to historians as well as lovers of the chase. Three centuries and a half had passed since William the Conqueror landed at Hastings and brought French manners and French hunting practices to English soil—and in Edward's added chapters can be seen the influence of Norman French upon an Englishman. His concern is primarily with technique, and rightly so, for, as he says to the young prince: "Although I am unworthy, I am master of this sport with that noble prince your father, the aforesaid sovereign and liege lord of us all. And because I would not want his hunters or yours that now are, or those that come hereafter, to be ignorant of this art in all its perfection, I wish therefore to leave this simple record. For as Chaucer says in his prologue of the 25 good women, 'By writing, men often have memory of things past, for writing is the key of all good remembrance.'"

And in this spirit Edward makes it clear that in England the truly noble sport is running with the hounds; that falconry—so dear to Frederick a century and a half earlier—is less noble and less rewarding; and that cultivation of the art is a responsibility of noblemen and kings. For, having instructed on such matters as "How the Hart Should Be Moved With The Lymer And Run To And Slain With Strength" and "Of the Ordinance And The Manner Of Hunting When The King Will Hunt In Forests Or In Parks For The Hart With Bows And Greyhounds And Stable" and many niceties of technique and ceremonial, he concludes with a restatement of his purpose:

"And in my simple manner as best I could and as might be learned of old and many diverse gentle hunters, I did my business in this rude manner to put the craft and the terms and the exercise of this said game more in remembrance and openly to the knowledge of all lords, ladies, gentlemen and women, according to the customs and manners used in the high noble court of this Realm of England."

Different as they were as men, rulers and even to some degree as sportsmen, Frederick the Emperor, Gaston the Count de Foix and Edward the Duke of York expressed, each in his own way, a creed so rooted in the deepest motivations of huntsmen that it is as true today as it was then, and as dominant in the vastly increased scope of sporting literature. Passion and tradition, in their words, make the art. Passion is the hunter's fundamental driving force—sport is the thing he loves, for its own sake. But tradition shapes it—and for all three of these ancient huntsmen this was as important as the sport itself. For all three ultimately took to the pen to put into words that would long outlive them their own accumulated wisdom and experience—to bequest, as Frederick put it, "to posterity . . . a true and careful account of these matters."

And, as Gaston wrote and his translator Edward quotes him: "He never saw a man that loved the toil and the joy of hounds and of hawks who did not have many good habits. For that comes to him from great nobility and gentleness of heart, of whatever rank the man may be, whether a great lord or a small one, a poor one or a rich."

END



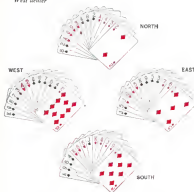
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

My team was dealt a body blow

In many diagrams of bridge hands the low cards are designated merely by x's. The difference between, say, a 7 and a 4 is supposedly unimportant—and, admittedly, no bidding system has been devised that takes into account the distinction between two such cards. But bridge players should be aware that there is a difference between a 7 and a 4, sometimes a crucial one. I could well claim that a little x marks the spot where my team met with a disastrous defeat at the hands of Samuel Stayman's team in the recent Masters Knockout Team Championship.

I have had my share of good luck in many tournaments, so I have no complaint, but the fates were against Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt of my team in the hand shown below. Their bidding was better than that of their opponents, and they deserved to win points. But they lost them, all because of the 7 of diamonds.

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Kaplan)	(Leventritt)	(Levard)	(Schenken)
PASS	1♥	PASS	2♠
DOUBLE	3♥	PASS	3♠
DOUBLE	3NT	PASS	4♠
PASS	5♠	PASS	6♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 4 of hearts

At the other table, where my players were sitting East-West, North opened with one diamond, South responded one spade, North said one no trump, and South made a fancy bid of two clubs which I am unable to explain. North bid two no trump, South raised to three and that became the final contract, North-South having bid their powerful diamond suit only once. The contract was cold, of course, with an overtrick.

As the bidding progressed at the first table, Schenken felt that five diamonds would very likely be a much safer contract than three no trump. His four-club bid indicated first- or second-round club control. Then, when Leventritt jumped to five diamonds, Schenken properly bid the slam.

Edgar Kaplan opened the four of hearts from the West hand. South won this with the king, cashed the king of diamonds, led a club to dummy's ace and trumped a club. Next he led a low spade, surrendering the inevitable loser and preparing the way for a crossruff if diamonds did not break. Sidney Lazard won and returned a second trump, thereby proving Schenken's wisdom in leading only one round of trumps before surrendering the spade trick. Had he led two rounds, East's return of the third trump would have insured the defeat of the contract.

South won the trump return and, having learned that the trumps would not break, he had to continue with his crossruff plan. He led a heart to dummy's queen, trumped dummy's last club and returned to dummy with the heart ace. Hearts did not break, either, so it was necessary for South to ruff the fourth heart with his last trump. Next he cashed the ace of spades and led a third round of spades.

If East had held a third spade, or if North's highest trump under the ace had been the 7 instead of the 4, the slam would have been made. But East did not have another spade and did have the 7 of diamonds. He overruffed North's 4, and the slam was defeated.

As the cards lay, no line of play would have allowed Schenken to make the slam. Losing it cost our team 12 International Match Points, while making it would have gained us 13. Instead of losing the match by 18 IMPs, we would have won it by 7.

EXTRA TRICK

"Body" is an expression employed by some players to describe the intermediate cards, the 7s, 8s and 9s. The body can be an important factor in evaluating your hand. Often the decision on whether or not to risk a slam depends on the quality of these intermediate cards.

END



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On the backswing (above) the left knee pushes in and the body coils around the right knee, which is tightly locked. On the downswing (below) the right knee releases all of this pent-up power.



Knee action for a power play

One of the most overlooked sources of power in a golf swing is the knees, especially the right knee. The hips, knees and feet all work together in creating power, but the knees serve as the focal point. Here are a few things to consider on the practice tee if you are not getting the distance you think you should. For every shot except the very short ones, a line extending across the kneecaps should point at the target. As the club comes back, the left knee should turn in toward the right. Now the right knee becomes the critical point of the entire swing. It should be locked in position and not move at all during the backswing. When it is braced in this fashion, the body is coiling like a spring around the knee. This firmness builds up power for the downswing. It also makes it impossible to lose power by swaying away from the ball. As the downswing starts, the strength contained by the right knee is abruptly released by pushing off the inside of the right foot. This will cause the right knee to turn directly toward the target, which helps push the whole body, and the power in it, in the direction the ball is being hit. One word of caution. Before you look for such a source of additional power, you must have a well-disciplined basic swing.

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Designed by Francis Galton



When the swing is finished, the right knee faces the hole.



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The annual rite of fall

As the season approaches for chopping off managers' heads, here is a list of those who are safe—and a few who might be wise to duck

A month from now the baseball season will be all over, World Series and everything, and it will be time for one of baseball's sacred rites: firing the manager. Actually, although this is the most popular season for bloodletting, it can happen anytime and often does, depending on how insecure the front office is.

It is a curious ritual, but its origins can be traced to man's misty past, when a besieged tribesman would pick a sheep out of his flock and tie it to a tree for the marauding wolves to take, in the hope that the wolves would be distracted long enough to give the tribe time to get across the state line. Now, it is not intended to group baseball's owners and general managers with Cro-Magnon man, which would be neither fair nor accurate. Cro-Magnon man did not have an Italian silk suit to his name, he knew nothing at all about tax write-offs and if he ever paid an untested shepherd boy 100,000 brightly colored stones to sign up with the tribe details of the transaction were not recorded on the walls of those caves in southern France. There is not one owner or general manager in the major leagues who cannot write his name or do simple sums, and all of them know the rules. Particularly the one that says, when you can't find anything else to do, fire the manager.

Since 1901, when baseball's allegedly modern era began, managers have enjoyed an annual job-casualty rate of 32.5%. Some are dismissed, some "resign for the good of the ball club." Whatever it is called, it means that during the 16-club era, which ended in 1960, managers were fired at the rate of five a year. It means, too, that of the 20 men now managing in the majors, at least six, according to the historical odds, will be fired by this time next year.

Before that smart aleck in the back

of the class says that the odds probably have been distorted by figures from early in the century, when managers were really insecure, let it be known that the tide is rising, that in the last decade more managers have been fired than in any other 10-year period in the history of the game. Since September of 1953, 63 managers have been staked out for the wolves, an average of more than six a season. To bring a harsh and recent note of reality to all this mathematical doodling, note that of the 20 men who were managing at this time last year, six have since resigned, retired, switched jobs, moved upstairs or were otherwise hit in the head with an ax. Thus it is reasonable to assume that the trend will continue and that the usual sacrifices will be made during the next 12 months.

The only question is: Who? Who will join Mel McGaha, Hank Bauer, Mickey Vernon, Bob Scheffing and all the others who have gone this way before? It so happens that a form sheet has been prepared, put together by two taxi drivers, a bartender and an elderly elevator operator who says he is a distant cousin of the late Judge Landis. It claims to be authoritative, but it should be noted that the bartender picked Floyd Patterson in five. The managers are rated according to the probability of being fired by this time next year.

NO CHANCE:

Ralph Houk (Yankees): His job is safer than Dan Topping's.

Gene Mauch (Phillies): He did not get fired in 1961 when he lost 23 straight, and now he has had two marvelous seasons in a row.

Al Lopez (White Sox): Superb record over years, surprisingly good showing this season. Highly regarded by General Manager Ed Short.

Alvin Dark (Giants): Strong manager. Undercurrent of criticism in his way

continued

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BASEBALL continued

is unlikely to impress the front office.

Sam Mele (Twins): Fine manager of improving team. Safe unless disastrous slump panes Calvin Griffith.

LONG SHOTS TO GET FIRED:

Bob Kennedy (Cubs): Earned great praise for team's tremendous improvement, yet Cubs slumped toward end of season and have unpleasant history of firing managers suddenly.

Birdie Tebbetts (Indians): Has done good job with drab team and seems headed for greater improvement next year. Works in close harmony with boss Gabe Paul.

Charlie Dressen (Tigers): Gets credit for late surge after replacing Scheffing in mid-June, but Tiger relapse next spring could cost him. There has been a high rate of turnover here in recent years.

Walter Alston (Dodgers): If he blows pennant, wolves will howl again and L.A. front office may finally tie Walter to that tree.

Johnny Keane (Cardinals): A mild, quiet man who does first-rate job, but only the Reds have had as many managers as the Cardinals (26).

NOT LIKELY, BUT WATCH OUT:

Bobby Bragan (Braves): Good stretch run after slow start helps Bobby. On the bad side, when club is in trouble at gate, manager sometimes gets same.

Johnny Pesky (Red Sox): Made excellent impression early in season. Late-



LOSING MANAGER LOPAT AND LOSING

summer flop of Sox started some distant howling.

Gal Hodges (Senators): Team has improved under Gal, but managing a last-place team is like living on a volcano.

Harry Craft (Colts): Does competent job running Paul Richards' team. No reason for Harry to take blame for ninth place—except he is the manager.

Casey Stengel (Mets): Only one wolf howled, but he howled loud. Still, George Weiss would be crazy to fire the crowd-pleasing Casey.

REALLY ON THE SPOT:

Ed Lopat (Athletics): Good manager, did capable job with weak team. However, Charlie Finley is his boss, and Finley is a restless man.

Fred Hutchinson (Reds): One of most respected men in majors, but Reds had a very disappointing year.

Danny Murtaugh (Pirates): The same manager he was before his hitters were traded away, but Pirates have gone from pennant to eighth place since 1960.

Bill Rigney (Angels): Manager of the Year in 1962 when asounding Angels finished third. Now they're back near the bottom. Who do you think will be blamed? Bo Belinsky?

Billy Hitchcock (Orioles): Local press is on him, team has had two disappointing seasons in a row.

Of course, it is not inevitable that someone will be fired. There is a precedent for that. Not one single manager got fired in 1936.

END



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London Fog Baltimore 11

*Two Texans
shoot it out
with a
pair of 5.5s*

Ernest and Albert Fay (right) take on the world in a month-long race series in rugged Olympic sailboats



It was a day for heavy-weather sailors. Chill early-autumn winds were gusting down Long Island Sound at speeds up to 30 knots, and the fleet of 5.5-meter yachts competing in the third race for the U.S. National Championship swept toward the finish line like maple leaves ahead of a gale. Under such turbulent, testing conditions, few of the observers present were surprised to find that the first two boats across the line, by a comfortable margin, were occupied by an unlikely pair of oil-rich Texas brothers, 50-year-old Albert Fay, in his red-hulled *Flame*, and 49-year-old Ernest Fay, in Yale-blue *Pride* (see cover).

The Fays are on the Sound, along with a Norwegian Crown Prince, a Soviet naval officer, a Leningrad mill hand and assorted Swedish, German and Swiss sailors, to take part in a month-long regatta at Long Island's aristocratic Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club. The ultimate purpose of it all is to determine the best 5.5-meter sailor in the world.

When the month is up, that distinction may well belong to one of the Fays. There are about 400 5.5s in the world (117 in Soviet Russia alone), and only three of these come from the state of Texas. But two of the three belong to the Fays—and how many boats do two men need to gain a monopoly anyway?

Between them at one time or another Albert and Ernest Fay have collected many of the world's available 5.5 prizes as well as a cabinetful of trophies in other classes. They first learned to sail as boys at Bay St. Louis in Mississippi—first in catboats, then in two old, leaky 30-footers that, according to Ernie, “anyone could get a sail in if he was willing to crouch in the bilges and bail.” Later Ernie went to Harvard and Albert to Yale to study geology. Now, old Eli Albert sails a boat colored for Harvard, and Cantab Ernie one painted blue for Yale.

When they are not sailing 5.5s, the Fays keep in tune aboard Corinthian

One-Designs, 19-foot sloops that look like Lightnings fitted with keels instead of centerboards. Albert, the family extravert, who races with a red cap on backward for luck, is the current Texas Corinthian champion. He is also a staunch Barry Goldwater supporter and a Republican National Committeeman. “I didn’t try out for the Olympics,” says politically minded Albert in the firm, conservative tones of a man who believes in first things first, “because they came in a presidential election year.”

Ernie, on the other hand, lives for boats, and not only sails them but designs them as well. Well below average height and generally soft-spoken, Ernie Fay was one of the first U.S. sailors to become enthusiastic about the 5.5-meter class. Like other would-be Olympic sailors he demoted himself into the 5.5s from the bigger, far more expensive 6-meter boats that were once the mainstay of Olympic competition. (It is an irony that 5.5s now cost just as much as Sixes

used to.) The Bill Luders-designed *Sabre* shown on the following page was Ernie Fay's first 5.5. Then he decided to design one for himself. *Prize* was the result.

"Designing a boat means as much as sailing it," says Sailor-Designer Ernie Fay. "A good designer ought to get out and race his own boats. Otherwise he loses touch with what is practical and just gets lost in theory."

As a naval architect, Ernie, though technically an amateur, does not restrict himself to sail. He has designed a speedboat capable of zipping from zero to 30 mph in five seconds—even though success evaded him on the first attempt. The first boat was drawn from calculations printed in a journal of naval architecture. "She was a failure," says Ernie, "and we soon found out why. In the next issue of the journal they printed a story saying that they were sorry but the calculations were incorrect."

Apart from considerable interests in Texas gas and oil, the Fay brothers jointly own a shipyard near Houston. It is a neat installation at Seabrook on milky Clear Creek where shrimpers from the Gulf of Mexico spend Saturday nights with no Sunday mornings. Here, in the yard where both *Flame* and *Prize* were built, Ernie tests his ideas.

Unlike such one-design class boats as the Stars and Lightnings, which are all identical—in theory, at least—meter boats are built with individual variations in design restricted only by a general formula (the quotient of the formula equation must not exceed 5.5; hence the name). In the hotly competitive business of making one 5.5 sail faster than another, rival designers are constantly eyeing one another's products to detect that elusive quarter inch here or half ounce there that makes all the difference at the finish line of a race. Like all 5.5 designers, Ernie Fay is fiercely jealous of his secrets. "*Rush 111*," he says with unaccustomed heat of a boat designed by Sweden's Naval Architect Einar Ohlson, "has a strange resemblance to my *Prize*. The only way you can tell them apart is by their color. Her sheer [the curved line of a boat's deck] is a little straighter, and her rudder is an inch or two different, but otherwise they are the same boat."

"We took a template of *Prize*'s midship section and laid it against the Swedish boat," says Albert in confirmation, "and they didn't vary a quarter inch."

"What satisfaction," asks Ernie of the world in general, "can a designer get from copying someone else's boat?"

At some \$30,000 apiece, boats of the 5.5-meter class are far more expensive to design, to build and to race than any one-design of comparable size. And there are many sailors who believe they are not worth the trouble or the money. These dissenters say the 5.5s are too demanding and too dangerous to race. They claim that spinnakers up to 800 feet square are too big for the boats, and they point to the number of 5.5s that have taken spectacular knockdowns

while racing before strong winds. Ernie Fay disagrees. "For the Olympics you need a demanding sort of boat," he insists. "The Olympics are meant to be a test of athletic prowess, and Olympic sailing shouldn't be any exception. In 5.5s," adds the sawney sailor, "you expect that sort of test. Furthermore, the crews like the boats because of the challenge they offer. If they didn't, they'd be sailing in Dragons or," he laughs, "that old man's boat, the IOD [the similar-sized International One-Design]."

What Ernie Fay neglects to add is that it helps to have the agility of a Nijinsky, the bravura of an Errol Flynn and the endurance of Gibraltar when crewing on a 5.5. When not trimming the jib or working the running backstays, the two

continued

NORWAY'S CROWN PRINCE HARALD RELAXES AT THE TILLER IN RARE MOMENT OF CALM



NAVY OFFICER KONSTANTIN ALEXANDROV (LEFT) HEADS FOR RUSSIAN VICTORY





A VERY EXPENSIVE BOAT

As nearly typical as any member of the 5.5-meter class can be, Ernie Fay's former boat *Sobre*, designed by A. F. (Bill) Luders, measures 33 feet overall, 23 feet on the water, has a beam of 6 feet 6 inches and draws 4 feet 6 inches. Her mainsail and working jib (5.5s don't use genoas) spread a total area of 312 square feet and the largest of her spinnakers is close to 800 square feet. All these factors, along with her weight (which, like that of all 5.5s, remains a secret closely guarded by owners, designers and official measures) and several other measurements, have been carefully balanced by her designer to produce a quotient of 5.5 meters under the formula governing the class design. Although different from the international rule controlling the America's Cup Twelves, the 5.5 formula still permits wide individual variation of design, making the designer an important man in 5.5 competition. Current top designer is Bill Luders, followed in the U.S. by C. Raymond Hunt, designer of the present Olympic champion *Moonraker*, and amateur Ernie Fay. Sweden's Einar Olsson, Norway's Bjørn Aas and a number of talented Russians are the best designers overseas.

Because of the infinite care put into their building, 5.5s are by far the most highly priced racing yachts of their size. Hulls cost about \$25,000, the designer's fee ranges between \$1,500 and \$2,000, tank testing of models can cost from \$1,200 to \$1,500, and a further \$2,500 is necessary for sails. Because of lower labor costs, however, a good 5.5 hull built overseas, especially in Scandinavia, can be delivered in the U.S. for only \$10,000.

BOATING continued

crewmembers demanded by a 5.5 huddle in the bottom of a chest-high cockpit or pump out the gallons of spray that slosh dismally over the foredeck going upwind. Running before the wind or reaching across it with an overfed spinnaker, the crew keeps just as busy trimming the sheet and guys and wondering whether the next puff will suck the boat completely out of control or knock it flat. "You've got to be rugged," says Ernie Fay, "to sail a 5.5."

Rugged Ernie and his rugged brother Albert will have some rugged competition to contend with during the next month. Norway's young Crown Prince Harald is a top 5.5 sailor who needs none of the special advantages given to his sailing father, King Olav. "A Norwegian told me," says Ernie Fay, "that in Norway it always pays to follow the King across the starting line because, early or not, the race committee never dares to call him back." The sailing skipper from Russia, Naval Captain Konstantin Alexandrov and Mill Hand Viktor Gorlov, offer competition from behind the Iron Curtain that should give the Goldwater backers from Texas plenty of trouble. An even more potent threat comes from Sweden's Gold Cup winner Lars Thorn who managed to slip in ahead of the Fays for the U.S. title. Then there is the current Olympic champion, Philadelphia's Dr. Britton Chance. Whether or not any of these should beat them, however, the fiercest competition Albert and Ernest Fay will face on Long Island Sound will be that provided by Ernest and Albert Fay. Off the water they blend like Texas and Cadillac, but on the water they have a tendency to forget that they are related. "In one overseas regatta," says Albert's daughter Marion, "we were way out ahead of Uncle Ernie. We must have had nine boats between us, but all Daddy could do was fuss about Uncle Ernie. 'What's he doing?' he'd say. 'Why's he tacking now? Where's he going? Why's he doing that?' When *Pride* got hidden by some other boats, Daddy couldn't keep still. 'Where's he gone now? Why can't I see him?' You'd have thought there weren't any other boats in the race. When Daddy's racing he thinks Ernie's got him snake-bit."

It may be that before the racing is over on the Sound this month a lot of other 5.5 sailors will have the same sentiments about both brothers.

END

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TRADEMARK

High old fling at the national ringer derby

At first the crowd was lost to Miss Crustacean, but some high-pressure pitching and an assist from Miss Delmarva Chicken Festival Runner-up helped North Carolina carry the day—not to mention the grandstand

It was summer's last holiday weekend, and the whole thing had the peaceful, bucolic air of an oldtime American picnic. The occasion was the AAU's National Horseshoe Pitching Championships. The setting in Salisbury, Md., was a shady grove of maple trees hard by a purling stream where ducks paddled placidly against the current, small boys still-fished for sunnies, and watermelons were stacked in a high pile. It was as

wholesome and serene as you please, but there was one small thing wrong with the picture—on the first day, with the exception of one old man on a bicycle, nobody showed up to watch. This initial lack of interest was so obvious to the competitors that one of them eyed the elderly cyclist and muttered sarcastically, "Here comes our spectator."

There was, however, one good reason why spectators were scarce. The rival

town of Crisfield, Md., only 33 miles from Salisbury, was holding its annual hard-shell-crab race and, as a bonus attraction, they were crowning Miss Crustacean of 1963, a hazel-eyed beauty named Christine Massey. To top it off, the outgoing Miss America, with only one week left of her reign, was dropping by to give the proceedings an extra touch of class. What were the horseshoe people to do?

WALTER KING (LEFT) OF ASHBORO, N.C., DEFEATED HANDSOMELY UNIFORMED CONRAD MURPHY FOR TITLE. WHILE RIVALS WARREN



Moving quickly, the sponsoring Wincomco County Recreation Commission announced it would give away barbecued chicken by the plateful (chickens outnumber people in Salisbury by some 150 million to 1). Then the commission put on display its own hazel-eyed beauty queen. According to the ribbon across her front she was Miss Runner-up of 1963, and according to her own admission she was a runner-up for Miss Delmarva Peninsula Chicken Festival. "I'm here today as a chicken representative, and I don't know exactly what my duties are," said Miss Runner-up.

It was obvious that whatever her duties she was fulfilling them handsomely: 135 people came to the pitching grounds to look her over, to sample the chicken and, at last, to watch the horseshoe tournament. (As for Crisfield, it was having its own troubles. Governor J. Millard Tawes's entry won the hard-shell-crab race. To avoid any suggestion that

they run a tainted crab race, the embarrassed officials disqualified the first finisher and awarded the victory to the second-place crab.)

Meanwhile, back in Salisbury, with the six-row metal grandstand packed with chicken-fed spectators, the horseshoe-pitching contest was about to get under way. For a moment the horseshoe officials were as close to embarrassment as those at the crab race: one of the stobs (the AAU rule book calls them stakes, but everybody knows they are stobs) on Court 4 was a full inch under the regulation height of 12 inches. The matches were momentarily delayed while a stob-puller was brought, the stob pulled out and a one-inch plug inserted in the bottom of the stob hole. Ready once more, the 19 players from five states dug in for the round-robin competition, grumbling, as they did so, about the quality of the red clay for the pits imported from Baltimore just for the

continued

WINDSOR OF SALISBURY AND DON LONGTIN (RIGHT) STRAINED TO STAY IN CONTENTION



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HORSESHOE PITCHING (continued)

championships. But then, horseshoe players are always critical of the clay. It is either too sticky or not sticky enough, too hard or too soft. Dr. Sol Berman from New Jersey, who is such a horseshoe perfectionist that he uses shoes custom-made of a copper alloy, said you get the best clay by going to a brickyard and getting soft bricks discarded as imperfect. "You have to get there before they bake the bricks, of course," Dr. Berman said in an amplification.

As the play finally commenced, Randall Jones, a man described (by himself) as the ramrod of organized shoe-pitching in North Carolina, explained what it is all about. "You're trying to pitch a 2½-pound shoe 40 feet and fit the 3½-inch opening around a one-inch iron stob," Jones said in a whirl of statistics. "And, Mister, if you can do that, you've really done something."

As each player really tried to do something, he called out his points to the scorekeepers, who sat solemn as a platoon of owls marking down the ringers and the totals. "Four dead" meant that each player had thrown two ringers. "Three ringers, three," meant that one player had thrown two ringers, while his opponent had managed to throw only one. The man with two ringers gets three points. "Ringer each, one point," meant



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PICKLE SPECTATORS at national championships failed to show at all on first day, later road.

that each had thrown one ringer, and the next closest shoe, which had to be within six inches of the stob, counted one point. The situation where both players failed to score a ringer was so rare in Salisbury that it is not worth explaining.

Accuracy, indeed, seemed to improve as the tournament moved along and the games got tougher. In one game Darrell Eller of High Point, N.C. threw 13 ringers before missing the stob. "He's slipping," said Ramrod Jones. Another player who showed good early form but did indeed slip before he got to the finals was Leroy Hill from Broadway, Ohio. Hill has a problem. Back home in Broadway, population 75, horseshoe pitching is only a minor talent for the other 74. "I don't get enough competition," says Hill. To get any at all, he lets his friends throw three shoes to his two. This sort of thing, of course, would never be permitted under AAU rules.

As the eight-man round-robin finals progressed, spectators forgot about Miss Chicken Festival Runner-up and leaned forward in their seats to watch the players. They leaned out so far, in fact, that several people in the front row came close to getting the 2½-pound iron horseshoes wrapped around their necks. To avert such a grim possibility, play was suspended while spectators and players lifted the entire grandstand and carried it back eight feet. Mayor Frank R. Mor-

continued



dozed, brooded but finally became so enthralled that stand had to be pulled back from the field.



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"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Reynolds. Photograph was taken a few months before the author gave up smoking.

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A SURGEON can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years—4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A house called Chateauvau was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo-in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of Chicago's Loyola University. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline

sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians, when they couldn't get tobacco, used to smoke the leaves and pretty blue flowers of this plant as a substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent by the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 140 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But alas—I had a new voice. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron® is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the U.S. and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription.

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HORSESHOE PITCHING continued

ris of Salisbury, who had come out to lend the dignity of his office to the occasion, was right in there heaving with the best of them.

Out in the pits it became apparent that the championships were going to have an all-North Carolina finish. Walter King of Asheboro, tossing ringers with nonchalant skill, had moved well out front; and the only man with even a remote chance to beat him was Conrad Murphy of Winston-Salem. At 51, Murphy has a top weight of 145 but had trained down to 136 (including a wad of tobacco that resides in his right cheek) for the nationals. "It's one of the most exercising sports in the world because you move all over," he said during a break. "If anybody wants to lose weight, tell them to pitch horseshoes."

But then, near the end of the round robin, Murphy had to face his friend King, who was still undefeated. As the two men fought it out, no words were heard except the scores being called and the insights of Ramrod Jones, who observed, "There's pressure on every shoe." The pressure undid Murphy who failed to get a ringer on his last toss. But he shook King's hand and smiled briefly at the end. Next day King teamed with Gilynden Moore of Burlington, N.C., to win the doubles from Murphy and Ed Stanek of Durham, N.C. It was a clean sweep for North Carolina and, somebody said, a matter of historical interest, since a sweep by one state had never happened before at the AAU nationals.

Toting up the statistics, officials announced that Winner King pitched 780 shoes, 533 ringers, walked almost three miles between stobs, tossed just under a ton of horseshoes and had an overall ringer average of 66.3%. Better than that, he had, in one game, a ringer average of 85.3%. This is good enough to place King well up in the more lucrative, though no better attended, professional horseshoe circuit. But King, a slim, tall man of 6 feet 3, said no, sir, he wouldn't turn pro despite the tempting \$700 prize offered in the professional world championships. Because, after all, money doesn't matter that much, or fame either, to this country's horseshoe amateurs. As Don Longtin of High Point, N.C. said as he was getting into his car to drive home: "I may not have won, but, I'm telling you, this weekend I have rubbed shoulders with some mighty fine horseshoe pitchers."

END



The
Good
Things
of Life

A family's closeness is often expressed in quiet moments spent together.
Another expression of the closeness a family shares is the wise planning of life insurance.

All illustrations are the work of a select group of artists from the home office in Lincoln, Nebraska.



BANKERS LIFE NEBRASKA



Hawking it up for the camera, Ron lifts weights as part of training routine. Many pro teams are using weights and isometric exercises this year.

JULY 16

Sometimes I wonder if the long, exhausting six-week preseason training camp of professional football was devised as a penance for me for having broken the vow I made in the waning minutes before my final game as a high school senior, "This is the last football game I am ever going to play," I had promised myself.

I have since told the Authority to whom vows are directed that I was just kidding. After all, I was then just a nervous, nearsighted young end who was about to play against the school's big-

gest rival. It was a night game, and night games meant blurred passes coming in my direction, because the school's lighting system had the power of a string of flashlights.

Imagine what would happen if I dropped a pass against the big rival! At Hawthorne High School that almost would have been grounds for revocation of Varsity Club membership.

So I made the vow that was intended to forever purge my stomach of that quacy wish-I-were-anywhere-but-here feeling. But four months later, when the University of Southern California offered me an athletic scholarship, I de-

cided not to count the vow as official.

Now, in 1963, another term of penance is about to begin. The veterans of the San Diego Chargers report tomorrow to Rough Acres for training camp.

JULY 17

After breakfast I packed tennis shoes, Bermuda shorts, two summer shirts, a guitar, toilet articles and books. I knew Paul Lowe would bring a deck of cards, so I left mine at home. The standard attire in any training camp is T shirt, Bermuda shorts and shower thongs or tennis shoes. Everybody is too tired to wear anything but the bare essentials.



Photo by Curt Gortner

I SWORE I WOULD QUIT FOOTBALL

That was the vow Ron Mix took in high school, but he broke it and went on to become the best offensive lineman in the AFL. He is also the best writer in professional football—a curious accolade, perhaps, but one he earns with this revealing training camp diary

by **RON MIX**

I placed the essentials in my 1958 blue Chevrolet, accepted a goodby-my-som kiss from my mother and began the drive to Rough Acres. East on Highway 80 for 66 miles. The sun was glaring white. The surrounding area was rocky hills, mountains and flatland that defied the growth of normal vegetation. Even the stinkwoods looked sickly. Here and there a fairly clear section of land supported a ranch or a town. Places with appropriate names like Tierra Del Sol and Wild Acres. A couple of miles past a sign that announced the population of Boulevard to be 50, I turned down the serpentine dirt road that led to Rough Acres Ranch.

Rough Acres looks like the dude ranch it is meant to be in the future. Down from the main lodge are diamond-shaped stone duplexes, forming a long horseshoe. There are a few trees. To the left of the living area, as one looks down from the lodge, is the football field. And as far as one can see is the barren, rock-covered land. The practices will be miserable in this setting. This I know. It might be nice for vacationers to sip a drink in the sun, but to practice football in this heat! . . . I decided to ask Coach Sid Gillman for \$1,000 more than I had intended to ask for.

The coach answered my knock on his

office door wearing a pair of workout shorts, no shirt. Clearly the advantage was mine. I did not believe a man in shorts could discuss business, especially with his stomach hanging over the shorts.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "You sign this contract, and if we win the division title and if you make All-AFL, I'll give you an extra \$500."

I laughed at all those ifs.

Finally we reached a point where we were \$1,000 apart. "Ron," he said, "I have too much respect for you to quibble over \$1,000."

"Coach," I said, "I have too much respect for \$1,000 not to quibble."

continued

He laughed, we met halfway, and I sold my body for another year.

I checked the room list and found I would be rooming with Jacques MacKinnon. Jacques and I are good friends and get along well together. He had come into camp with the rookies to get into condition. He bounded into the room late, announcing, "The kid with the blond hair and the blue eyes and the big heart is here." He always calls himself that.

I asked him about the camp.

"Sid has really stuck it to us this time," he said. "I'm not fond of practice anyway, and this heat doesn't help, but I expect tough practice. But when they're over I want to relax, and you can't do it around here."

"What about after lunch?" I asked.

"Don't you have time to relax then?"

"Time!" he said, throwing his hands up. "Sure we got time, but it's too hot. Look, if you're lucky enough to fall asleep in the afternoon, you wake up in a pool of sweat. And at night it's no better. It's still hot, and the insects come out to play and—well, hell, you've seen how it was today. Wait until you're tired from practice, too, then you'll see what I mean."

I can hardly wait.

JULY 18

Everything is set for the beginning of practice tomorrow. Uniforms have been issued, physical and dental examinations have been taken, and Sid held a squad meeting.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a camp is not a country club. We are going to have fun, but when we work, we work. We must get in top physical condition for the 19 games. In addition to our normal workouts, we are going to begin a concentrated program of weight training and isometrics. One of the outstanding men in the field, Alvin Roy, will be in camp in a couple of days to begin instruction."

"If you have an appointment, keep it. It'll cost you one dollar a minute if you are late. And if we have reason to believe that you were late intentionally, the fine goes up to \$10 a minute. Any excuses better be good ones. Now, if you really want to test us be late for curfew. Curfew is at 10:30. We put in a hard day and feel

we need the rest. The fines for being late will be doubled for each repeated infraction. And last among our moneymaking procedures is the notebooks. These notebooks contain everything in our system. They are our lifeblood. It'll cost you \$200 if you lose a notebook.

"One thing I must caution you on is gambling. There are very few of us who can gamble for high stakes. When we lose a lot it affects the team morale. Penny ante is all right. And when I say pennies, I mean pennies."

The meeting ended.

"Well," said Paul Lowe as we walked down the hill toward our rooms, "here we are again. How about some poker? Penny ante, of course."

In a few minutes seven of us were in Paul's room, sitting in chairs around the bed, betting pennies just as Sid said we must. Paul, Don Norton, Dave Kocourek, Ernie Ladd, Charlie McNeil, Ernie Wright and myself placed our dollar bills in the pot. Someone said: "I bet 100 pennies." Someone else: "I call, and jack you 200 pennies."

In two hours I had lost 4,700 pennies.

JULY 19

The first day of practice. Had I ever left this dressing room with its long rows of lockers, I wondered, as I pulled on my pads along with the other big bodies that were sandwiched in the limited space. Soon there would be more room. Empty lockers would begin to appear each day as a reminder of the insecurity in a professional training camp.

Each day players will be looking for some clue to find out how they are doing. Checking the publicity-shot list for your name is a favorite indicator. Offensive linemen have a more tangible indicator—Coach Joe Madro. When he stops yelling, swearing and making suggestions to a player, then you know that the player's time in camp is limited.

Joe is a chunky, craggy-faced perfectionist with a startling command of the language. Joe's method of expressing himself is a mishmash of Don Rickles, Aldous Huxley and Henry Miller.

He was in rare form for opening day.

"All right, gentlemen—and though I address you as such, I hope that none of you turn out to be gentlemen on the football field.

"We are going to start at the beginning this year in the hopes that this will stunt any growth of lambsie pies.

"Lambsie pies! The Houston Oilers said we had some lambsie pies in our offensive line after they beat us in the championship game two years ago. Well, I guaran-damn-see you they won't say that this year. First we are going to bat the sled from a six-point stance, then from a four-point, and then from your regular three-point. I hope that this will teach you to fire out. Fundamentals! That's what we are going to work on."

After that it was all business:

"On the go! On the color! Get set! Blue, go!

"That's fine—good uncoil, arched body, head up!

"Bring the elbow high, form a wedge in there.

"Don't wind up, Shee! If you wind up, you transmit power on a curved line. We want power on a whar, Pat? On a straight line!"

Poor rookies, I thought throughout the practice. Joe's probably got them scared to death. They'll learn soon that Joe doesn't really hate anybody.

When practice ended, a lot of the veterans got together to work on their particular phases of the game. Henry Schmidt and Ron Nery were working with Sam Grunewald and Ernie Wright on pass rush and pass protection; Dave Kocourek and Don Norton were running pass patterns for Tobin Rote; Dick Harris and Bud Whitehead were working against Dave and Don; Sherman Plunkett was doing wind sprints in an attempt to trim down from his reporting weight of 324 pounds. The field was as busy as it had been during the regular practice session.

JULY 20

Practice started out on a pleasant note today. On my way to the field Bob Burdick, our publicity man, told me that he would need Earl Faison and myself for some pictures. We spent the next five minutes posing with Miss San Diego Charger of 1963. I casually let her know that I was single, and she bluntly let me know that she had only recently graduated from high school.

Earl and I jogged back to practice. We reached the group just in time for

the one blocking and tackling drill that players check the workout schedule for every day—hoping it isn't there. One-on-one it is called by the coaches; the players call it the pit drill, and this is a more fitting name. A defensive man and an offensive man line up opposite each other within the confines of two blocking bags that are spaced about two yards apart. Behind them is a back who must carry the ball within the same confines. Surrounding all of them is the rest of the team, rooting for its respective group.

It is tough enough blocking those big defensive mooses when they don't know whether to expect a run, pass or draw, but in the pit drill they know it is going to be a run and they know what count it is coming on.

Knowing these disadvantages did not make me less humiliated when I was defeated on my two trips to the pit. Had nobody been there to witness the defeats, I would still have felt bad. With the whole team and coaching staff watching, it just killed me.

JULY 22

Immediately after lunch a special meeting was held, and Sid introduced Alvin Roy to the squad. Alvin Roy, Sid said in his introduction, represented what every pro football team would have in the future: a strength coach.

After the meeting, the squad went to an open area beside the dressing room where weight-training facilities had been set up. Mr. Roy demonstrated the exercises that we would be doing each day and then checked the squad individually to make certain we were using the proper technique.

It was 2 o'clock when the demonstration ended. Practice began at 3—which meant reporting to the dressing room at 2:30. We had not had any time to sleep or rest between practices, so Paul Maguire, Don Norton, Sam DeLuca and myself decided to go to the lodge and have some iced tea in hopes it would pep us up for the afternoon workout.

We sat around a dining table drinking, talking.

"As if our two practices a day isn't

continued

Run throws a shoulder at Defensive Tackle Bill Hudson during intersquad scrimmage.



enough," said Paul, "as if two meetings a day isn't enough, now this."

"The weights are going to be good for us, Paul," I said. "During my senior year at USC, 25 of us lifted, and of that group only one person was injured that year, and he only sprained his ankle."

"Well," said Paul, "when I was at The Citadel, 25 of us drank, and my group had 30% fewer cavities."

"Yeah," said Don, "it's not fair that they should make you lift, Paul, because you don't need it. You got a great build. You don't need it—not much." And Don laughed loudly, giving Paul's stomach a slap.

"What you mean?" said Paul. "I've lifted before."

"Uh huh," said Don, "16-ounce Burgie cans."

JULY 24

The first scrimmage of the year is going to be held tomorrow afternoon. It couldn't be more important to me if it were a league game.

In this morning's practice I was too slow in pulling out of the line on a sweep play, and Paul Lowe ran up my back and kicked me in the calf. A bruised calf—that should be really great in the scrimmage tomorrow! Getting in and out of my stance a couple hundred times a day is beginning to take its toll also; the snail of my back is so sore that it is difficult to straighten up.

Twelve minutes in the whirlpool will help, but rest is the only sure cure for these ailments. Since I had to be fit by tomorrow, I decided to sort of worm my way through the afternoon's practice. Just do the bare minimum. Not volunteer for anything. If they called for a man to jump in at a position, I would move toward the empty spot—but not fast enough to actually reach it before some eager-beaver rookie who was certain to move toward the spot also. I didn't even bother to warm up during the 15-minute period allotted for this. I was hoping that practice would start off on a slow pitch and I could gradually warm up on the coaches' time.

It was my lucky day. Joe became long-winded as he explained a new play we were taking on; then there were a couple

of time-consuming questions, and the first period was over. After working on individual pass protection with the defensive line (a 15-minute period in which each man gets only a couple of turns), the line and the backs got together for team practice. After practice, I told our trainer, Kearney Reeb, that my back hurt. He prescribed some exercises to strengthen it and told me to climb into the whirlpool tub.

The meeting tonight consisted of a review of all the plays we had taken on so far. There was a change in assignments for one of the plays. Joe cautioned the rookies not to go crazy because he was making some last-minute changes. He should have cautioned all of us; I was beginning to get nervous and anxious, thinking about the scrimmage tomorrow. Anxious, because it would be the first team banging of the camp, and for some idiotic reason I felt like hitting people.

Joe closed the meeting with his usual, "Now, you better study those plays, especially you rookies."

I decided to forgo all the thrilling things one can do with his free hour at Rough Acres Ranch and concentrate on my plays. I went to my room and studied until Coach Noll came around for bed check.

JULY 25

Had an unknowing observer walked into the dressing room today, he would have sworn that the Chargers were getting ready for a regular-season football game rather than a scrimmage. The usual prepractice jabber was absent. Some men were silently putting on uniforms that were still damp from the morning practice. Others were taping pads on their hands and arms, or having them taped on by the trainers. A few of the rookies were making a last desperate attempt to master the assignments from the play books. Everybody had their game faces on: somber faces, tightly set jaws and lips that took deep, loud, nervous breaths.

In the early part of training camp, players make the team by knocking their friends around. This is one reason why scrimmages are not popular. The other reason is that a player feels if he gets injured in a scrimmage it is a pointless,

unnecessary injury. If one must get injured, make it during a game, not on the practice field.

Earl Faison was already resting a sore knee and was being withheld from the scrimmage. Bob Mitinger started in his place at left defensive end. George Gross, the strong, bulky, 275-pound rookie from Auburn, started at left defensive tackle. Tobin Rote took advantage of the relative inexperience of these two (this is Bob's second year) and called a draw on the first play of the scrimmage. The job of the right guard and myself is to set up as if we were going to pass-protect, the guard enticing the defensive tackle to rush to the inside, I enticing the end to rush from the outside, and as soon as they take the bait, we pop into them with a shoulder and wheel them away from the play. Bob Mitinger is so quick that I decided to throw my body at him instead of just a shoulder. It worked, and our fullback, Gerry McDougall, bulled through for 15 yards before being smothered by defensive backs and linebackers. It was going to be a good day, I thought as I jogged to the huddle.

On the next play I had to block down on the defensive tackle. Gross must have read the play perfectly, because as I came down on him he was braced and waiting, exposing only a low shoulder and knee to hit. He moved into me, dipping his shoulder and shrugging my block off, and got into the tackle. Maybe it wasn't going to be such a good day after all, I thought to myself as I walked back to the huddle, mad at myself for missing the block, looking at Paul Lowe brushing himself off after being thrown to the ground at the line of scrimmage.

The defense had warmed up and were coming hard. The rest of the scrimmage was a slambang affair. Hard charges . . . hard running . . . tired . . . gang tackling . . . big pile ups . . . gain yards . . . lose yards . . . out of breath . . . fumble . . . complete passes . . . miss blocks . . . swear . . . make blocks . . . be thankful . . . bruised muscles . . . coaches yelling . . . faster . . . harder . . . and then the final whistle blew and it was all over.

JULY 27

It happened today—Joe almost cracked up. I noticed it in the meeting

tonight as the squad was reviewing the films of the scrimmage. You would have thought we had lost a league game the way Joe carried on. True, the offense didn't exactly blast the defense off the field, but that is normal for a first scrimmage. The defense doesn't have as much to learn, and so they are usually ahead of the offense in their development. We catch up to them as soon as we receive and polish our entire system.

As we watched the films, Joe ran each play back many times, stopping the projector before the play was completed, making assorted caustic comments and then running it over again. He soon had all of us dizzy and nervous from watching ourselves never complete a play. The screen would show us run to the line of scrimmage, get into our stances, begin to make a block, and then

Joe would throw the film into reverse. So the screen would then show us coming off our blocks, back into our stances, rising up from our stances and running backward to the huddle, and finally disbanding the huddle. It was slapstick comedy at its best.

Ernie Wright started counting the number of times that Joe was rerunning each play. When the total on one reached 17, Ernie leaned over and informed me that Joe had just broken a four-year record. Joe heard him.

"So you're getting tired, huh, Ernie," said Joe. "Well that is exactly how you looked on that play—tired! Maybe if you would lose some weight you wouldn't feel that way. Tell me, how can a young fellow like yourself stand to have a barrel gut?"

No comment from Ernie. It would not

have been heard anyway, because the rest of the linemen were laughing loudly over Joe's remark. It was not that funny—but Ernie is one of the two linemen supposedly safe from any nasty remarks from the coaches. I am the other one.

Joe ran off another play, making comments.

"Plunkett, don't raise up so soon when you are trying to get downfield," he said. "You must fire out hard in order to get past those defensive men. Look what happened to you. You never got past the line of scrimmage. You'd make a helluva good statue. If we could just freeze you, we'd stick you in a park and make the pigeons with poor aim happy."

Joe kept up a continuous monologue throughout the hour-and-a-half meeting. Nothing escaped his sarcasm.

In fairness to Joe, he actually has good



In a one-on-one drill that imitates football, Row takes on Defensive End Earl Faison as teammates cheer for the player representing their unit.

reason to be overly excited about the first exhibition game. We are going to play the league champions, Kansas City (formerly the Dallas Texans), and our performance should indicate if we are going to be as improved as we think we will be.

JULY 29

Fred Gillett was cut from the squad yesterday. It was an inevitable occurrence, but we hated to see it happen. He was a pleasant fellow, and a pretty talented fullback, too. However, in the pros a position on the team is hard to earn. The fullback combination of Gerry McDougall and Bobby Jackson was too strong to crack.

"I must have been crazy to come out here anyway," said Fred as he was packing his suitcase. "It has been a great experience for me, though, and I'll never forget it. I really feel good now—you know, all the pressure is over and I can relax. But I love the game. I would have loved to have made the team, but . . ."

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Well, if I could have stuck around for the year, I would have had enough money to finish building my race car. That's what I would like to do some day, be a competition driver. Now I'm not sure what I'll do. I hope I can catch on with some other club. There can't be two good fullbacks on every club in the league. Maybe I shouldn't have come out here anyway; I have a beautiful wife at home, and I come out here and fool around with a football. Here, have you seen her picture?" And he showed me his wife's picture for the last of many times.

"I don't know how I'm going to get all these clothes in that suitcase," he said. "She packed it for me."

What a hell of a thing, getting cut. Fred must have felt all torn up inside, but he wouldn't show it. There couldn't be many things worse than being told that you are not good enough in something you love and have done for 10 years or more. I have always felt uneasy around a man that has been cut. What is there to say? Everything sounds so inadequate. But sympathy for the fel-

lows that are cut doesn't last long, because most of the players are busy worrying about themselves.

AUGUST 2

The long-awaited day arrives tomorrow—the first game of the season. We play Kansas City, but who we play is not what lends importance to the day. With the first game come the better things in life to a football player: money, rest and free time. The money we earn for each exhibition game is just a symbol showing that we are professionals. Sixty dollars is the paycheck.

What we really welcome is the free time and rest that accompany the start of weekly games. Workouts are cut to one a day. A meeting takes the place of the morning workout. We have taken on most of our offensive plays now, so, unless the coaches decide to have meetings for the sake of having meetings, we should have a couple of free evenings each week.

The rookies have been getting a mental and physical working over. They are getting a shock course in professional football. Special meetings are held for them so that they may learn the system before the first game. The veteran defensive men have been rough on the offensive rookies whenever they have had the chance. But the rookies have held up well under the abuse.

Earl Faison and Ron Nery have treated them the nastiest. When one of the rookies would line up against a veteran for a blocking drill, Ron, feigning grave concern, would warn the veteran to be careful, that this was a vaunted rookie he was facing. Ron loves to humiliate new men with his patented defensive end moves. He has his moves numbered. The other members of the defensive unit always join in the fun by yelling out the number of the move they want to see him dump the new man with.

And Earl did more dumping than Ron. Earl normally is a pretty nice fellow on the practice field, and usually does as little as possible, saving everything for the game. This week he was different. As Joe put it, "Staying at Rough Acres has given him a nasty disposition." Ernest Park, Walt Sweeney and Tyrone Robertson were all on the receiving end of Earl's testimonial on his ability. They

spent part of the time on the ground, but they learned a great deal about offensive tackle play from one of the best defensive ends in football.

We had a brief workout this afternoon, just enough to break a sweat. Afterward, at the evening meal, the linemen got together to discuss how we could best do our jobs. Pat Shea had never played against Paul Rochester, so he sought some advice from me, since I had played guard last year and faced Rochester then.

"You've got to use a lot of techniques on him on pass protection," I said. "He's the type of guy I like to cut on occasion, because he charges hard. Of course, he uses his hands well, too, so you have to be careful not to try cutting too often. You know, just use it to keep him honest."

"Also you can try firing out on him, and then dropping back. I like to do that, but sometimes it gets me into trouble if the defense has a stunt going. If the man is slow in his stunting movements, then it doesn't matter; but if he is fast, then I'm liable to miss him and open the gates on the quarterback."

"Rochester looked pretty quick in the movies we saw of last year's game," said Pat. "And Dallas fools around with stunts. I think I'll wait until there have been a few fire-out pass protections called, and then decide if the fire-out would work on normal drop-back protection."

"That's a good idea," I said. "Start off using the usual pop-and-fight method, and throw in the other stuff when you think it will work."

"Why don't you junk everything and just grab ahold of him every play and not let go?" said Sam Grunesten.

"Yeah, that's great," said Pat. "If you don't get caught, I'll play it straight, unless things get desperate."

I did not know who would be playing over me, so I quickly uttered the offensive linemen's prayer: that this unknown fellow would be skinny, slow, weak, stupid and love football but hate body contact.

AUGUST 3

Game day, or rather, game night. The difference between a day game and a night game is that instead of getting sick at one meal, you get sick at three. Coach Gillman, in an effort to stop the pre-

game sickness that stems from a nervous stomach, told us yesterday that a liquid protein supplement would be substituted in place of the usual meal of steak and potatoes. He advised all players who usually throw up before a game to drink their meal, because, theoretically, it would be digested by game time, whereas the solid food might still be lying in your stomach.

"That's right," Paul Maguire had chimed in, "if you drink this stuff, you will be able to throw up a lot easier—no big chunks of meat to get caught in your throats."

Paul had drawn more vocalized boos from his comment than the subvocal boos that Sid drew from his announcement, so I guess most of the players feel he has a good idea. A few hate to lose their steak. Personally, I would prefer the steak before an evening game and the liquid before a day game. On day games I wake up nervous, but for evening games I know I have the whole day to sleep and rest, and the result is I am more relaxed for the pregame meal.

Today my rest came in between phone calls, all of them for Jacque. He had worked as maitre d' at Joe Hunt's restaurant in La Jolla during the off season, and it seemed that every bar buddy he had made was dunning him for tickets to the game.

Apparently the rest I missed was not important, however, because I felt full of energy the entire game. Part of the reason for the added energy came from the incentive of having been chosen, along with Emil Karas, to act as co-captain for the opening game. During the exhibition season a different set of co-captains is chosen each week, but that does not dim the honor. It is a great thrill to be the official spokesman for a group of fellows whom you admire, respect and like.

On the field I knew how to fulfill the responsibilities of captain; in the dressing room, however, I felt inadequate. I felt, as captain, I was expected to say something to the squad before the game. What to say is the problem. Each player is a mature, dedicated athlete who knows what he has to do without being reminded that we must play hard, we must win. And yet there we were, minutes before game time, some sitting, some standing,

all sweating from the heavy uniforms, the pregame workout, the nervousness. It seemed like something had to be said. Coach Gillman had told us to relax and have a good time out there, and if we made any mistakes to forget them and keep playing good football. Then he had left us so that we could have a few moments to ourselves before the game. When he left, the room became quiet.

Now, what I put down here as having been said to the squad will not be a verbatim report, because what I said was spontaneous and total recall is impossible. It was something like this:

"Fellows," I began, not sure what would follow, or what could follow, a beginning like that, "what Coach Gillman said is true; if we go out there with the idea that we are going to have a good time, everything will fall in place and we'll do well."

Oh, what to say, I thought, knowing I was groping, embarrassed for having reiterated the coach's words. And then I knew what had to be said, the only thing that was right to say to these men.

"We all know the importance of winning, and know what must be done to do so. We have a responsibility to the club and to our teammates to do that, but we must remember that our first responsibility is to our families and to ourselves; we must make the ball club. This is our job, our livelihood, and it is during the exhibition season that the squad is chosen—just a few weeks to show that you deserve a position on this team. And that's why we must go out there and play as hard as we can for the whole game."

"And for those who are mainly running on the special teams tonight, remember they're important also. There are players each year who are kept on the squad because they show the coaches they are tough on the kickoff team, the punt team and the rest. Pat Shen is a good example of this. Last year he was a special-team player during the games, but during the week he developed his line play until he became a fine football player. So let's go hard on everything. We can have a good time, but remember it's our job."

The speech will never win any awards for articulateness, and it certainly did not break open a ray of enlightenment upon the men, but sometimes it is good to try

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RON MIX *continued*

to say the things one feels, or to hear them said.

As it turned out, tonight's game was a game like any other game—and we won. Keith Lincoln or Paul Lowe caught the opening kickoff and returned it to the 30-yard line. The reason I wasn't sure which one it was is because I was trying to block somebody. That's the way it is for linemen on most of the plays in a football game, we don't always know who carried the ball, or who caught the pass, because we are busy trying to do our job. All we know is that the huddle forms farther and farther down the field if all goes well, and moves backward if something goes amiss.

On the first series of downs I moved backward. After the first play our right guard, Pat Shea, trotted back to the huddle cursing himself. He had pulled the wrong way on a sweep, colliding with the left guard, Sam Gruneisen, and leaving the ballcarrier without any blockers. On the next play Tobin Rote was smashed to the ground as he faded back to pass. He got up slowly, holding his chest. He called a pass play that failed, and the punting team came in.

The defensive unit was probably cursing us for having given up the ball so soon. There is a friendly but intense rivalry between offensive and defensive teams. The newspapers are constantly saying that our defense is responsible for all the Charger victories. The defense has read it so often that I think they fully believe it. I doubt if the two defensive coaches, Chuck Noll and Walt Hackett, want to discourage this feeling their boys have; it is good to be confident and a little cocky.

During the 1961 season the newspapers gave the defense all sorts of glorifying names, like the Fearsome Four-some and the Seven Pirates. The way the sportswriters feel about our offensive line, I'm surprised they have not dubbed us the Seven Lumps of Sugar.

The defense held the Chiefs, forcing them to punt, and we came back in, this time with John Hadl at quarterback. Tobin's injury made it impossible for him to return to the game. Later we found out he had torn a rib from his sternum and would be out of action for

a month. Hadl came in and showed that he was greatly improved over last year, and ready to become the topflight quarterback we knew he would be some day. He moved us down the field, mixing power plays with sweeps and short passes. We reached the nine-yard line, and John called two straight power plays to my side. It was my job to move out the line-backer on each of the plays. The backer, Holub, is big and was standing right in the hole, so I decided to hit him low rather than high, where he is the strongest. I was only able to push him back two yards before the hole was jammed up. I decided to hit him high on the next play. I fired into his chest with my head and shoulders; it was a good hit, but he shrugged me off and made the tackle. There isn't any justice, I thought. The blow deserved better results. John didn't give up on me, and called for a sweep to my side. I was able to hook the defensive end, the pulling guards made their blocks and Paul Lowe scored the first touchdown of the season.

In the second quarter Paul reversed his field on another sweep and scored from 65 yards out. John kept up his accurate passing and smart play-calling and we scored once more before the half ended, this coming on an 18-yard pass to Jaque.

The defense, meanwhile, had allowed Kansas City to score twice. We walked to the dressing room at half time with a 19-14 lead.

I get almost as nervous before the second half as I do before the start of the game. I wonder if the opposing coaches have told their defense to do something now, or if a different man will be playing over me. To me the second half is a new game. Both teams come out rested and with fresh incentive to play. It seems to go faster, though, because it is the last half, and, as far as time is concerned, we are going downhill.

But it ended sooner than I thought it would for me. After we had scored again in the third quarter, the coach gave the rest of the game to the rookie linemen, and I watched the remainder of the game from beside the water bucket. It is truly an enjoyable way to spend the bulk of the second half sipping water and relaxing as you watch your team finish a game that is already won.

The game ended 26-14, Chargers. Then it was time to drag ourselves to the dressing room, slowly pull off the sweaty, dirty uniforms and take a long, cool shower, head back, eyes closed, letting the water wash away the dirt and ease the aches. It is a time to replay the game in your mind, and try to remember what you did well and what you did poorly. And hope you did well enough to keep your starting position or, if you are a rookie, hope that you showed enough promise to justify the coaches keeping you around another week, because you'd show them then.

The good times and money are only a short distance away. Training camp will be over, and league play will begin. The pressure will keep growing, the nervousness will not stop, but nobody minds walking to the bank with a nervous stomach.

I am certain also that when the training camp does end I will feel an accompanying sadness that will belie all the complaining I did during the camp's duration. I will not delude myself, or anyone else, by saying that the sadness comes because I miss the hard work and the nervous anxiety. The day that I gain some enjoyment from being hit in the throat with an elbow, or from seeing a friend heartsick because of having been cut from the squad, I will know it is time to quit football.

Yet these things, too, are a part of the something that is missed when camp is over. It is the feeling of having experienced pain and weariness and mental anguish and having met each in a way that made you feel good afterward. Perhaps you did not meet and answer every challenge in a way that would be considered noble the first time it was encountered. There always came a second chance. And you were better prepared the second time because you had done a little soul-searching and decided what is important.

There may have been a time when you became so tired during a game that you loafed until you no longer felt the ache in your chest and sides. Then you were disgusted with yourself for having done so. The challenges must be met with honor if you intend to go on respecting yourself. Existing on a steady diet of challenges, such as a training camp pro-

vides, makes a person nervous and tense. I sometimes long for the day when I can relax completely. But when? After my football career is over, then there will be the challenges that must be met in everyday life.

I believe that someday I will be thankful for the lessons of self-discipline that were learned while playing football. And sometimes I wish that every boy in America were given the opportunity to spend a few weeks in a training camp. Not because I think it is important to be an athlete, but because it would serve as invaluable preparation for the day when they set out to make a niche for themselves in this competitive world. They would learn early that it takes hard work to become a success. They would learn that when there are setbacks, and when you are knocked down, you must get up. If they saw only the value of this—getting back up again—then it is certain that their chances for accomplishment in any vocation would be enhanced.

And in the space of just a few weeks, they would discover the greatest value of all: having close, trustworthy friends. Friends you can confide in, joke with, share success and failure with. This is what I shall miss when training camp ends: the close companionship and the continual laughs that occur when 50 guys are together. I will miss the daily card games with Lowe, Wright, Kocourek, Harris, Ladd, Faison, Hadl and McNeil. I will miss the "world problem solving" sessions with DeLues and Coan; the arguments that Lincoln and Ladd go into each noon as they played off for the World Ping-pong Championship; the singing and guitar-playing sessions with Norton; the sound of bare feet outside after bed check, which meant that somebody was sneaking out for a late date. When I think of all these things, camp seems to have been one big laugh. However, this will not slow me up in gathering my clothes, books and other belongings and making the trip home. And if any of the players should pass me and say:

"Isn't this great? Leaving this place—boy, I thought it would never end. Isn't this great?"

"It sure is," I will agree. If I say anything else, he will think that I have run under one kickoff too many.

END

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CONFESSIONS OF A HUM-DRUM

I was a Hum-Drum.

To make matters worse, I was married to a Ho-Hum.

Looking back, I realize we should have turned into anything but a Hum-Drum and a Ho-Hum. We came from good families, attended the right schools.

But, after we married and the little ones arrived, we settled down into our own little circle of friends; we lost our Intellectual Curiosity.

Conversation lagged. Life was so day-after-day. And I stopped Forging Ahead in Business.

Naturally, like every Hum-Drum and Ho-Hum, we weren't aware of what was happening to us.

Then, one day, I came across an Advertisement. "By George!" I said to my wife. (That isn't her name, of course. Her name is Brenda. By George was just an expression I used in those days.) "By George,"

I said, "do you think we are turning into a Hum-Drum and a Ho-Hum?"

I showed her the Advertisement, signed by LIFE Magazine, which described the symptoms, and offered the first step to a cure: an Introductory Subscription to LIFE for only \$1.99.

"Let's mail the card," I said. "What have we got to lose?"

"A dollar ninety-nine," she said. But we mailed it anyway and sure enough, just as the Advertisement promised, we turned into a couple of real swingers, conversation-wise. And I got a promotion, too. Very generous of Dad.

If my story inspires even one Hum-Drum or one Ho-Hum to mail the attached card, I shall feel amply repaid.

If some other Hum-Drum has beaten you to the card, you can still get an Introductory Subscription. Write to LIFE, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, Chicago, Illinois 60611



YESTERDAY

A Mailman Moves a Mountain

Baseball Commissioner Landis once backed down on one of his edicts because of a friendship between Joe Judge and an obscure postman

by GEORGE McEVROY

Joe Judge was a small man (5 foot 8½ inches, 155 pounds), yet he spent 17 consecutive seasons with the Washington Senators, batted over 300 nine times and was considered one of the finest fielding first basemen ever to play in the major leagues.

Judge started his baseball career as a left-handed shortstop for the Yorkville Orients, a fast semipro team in the Yorkville section of New York City. "It never dawned on me that I was one of the rare southpaws in the country playing short," Judge said before his recent death. "And I probably would be the only 67-year-old, left-handed shortstop in creation today if it hadn't been for Bud Hannah."

Hannah, a neighborhood mailman, used to pause in his rounds every day to watch the Orients work out and was quick to spot the talents of the skinny kid called "Josie" at short.

"One day Hannah called me over," Judge said, "and told me I was wasting my time playing short, that a left-hander could never play that position in the big leagues—and I had my heart set on making it to the bigs even then. He told me to get myself a first baseman's mitt and start practicing with it."

"Well, I was a poor kid and I told him the finger glove was all I was likely to own in the way of baseball equipment for years to come. And that ended the conversation."

But the next day Hannah was back at the field. He called Judge over and handed him a box, saying, "This is for you, kid. Use it well."

"Inside was the most beautiful first baseman's mitt I've ever seen, before or since," said Judge. "I don't know how he could afford it. Mailmen didn't get much in those days. It must have set him back a week's pay."

Judge immediately started putting that mitt to good use, as Hannah had

urged, and it was not long before scouts for the Giants, Dodgers, Senators, Indians and Red Sox were casually dropping by the East Side ball field to take a look at the kid first baseman. Judge signed with Boston in 1914 and was on his way to the majors.

"I played at Buffalo for a while with Joe McCarthy [the old Yankee manager] who was our second baseman," Judge said, "and then I was sold to Washington toward the end of the 1915 season. I never forgot Bud Hannah, though, when I got to the majors."

Judge always left a pair of tickets for Hannah whenever Washington came in to New York to play the Yankees. "Before each game I would walk over to Hannah's box, shake hands with him and maybe have our picture taken together. He got a big kick out of it, and whatever friend he brought with him would be greatly impressed. It was little enough after all he had done for me."

Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the Commissioner of Baseball, did not look at it that way. Because of the Black Sox scandal he had forbidden ballplayers to converse with anyone in the stands, hoping that cloistered ballplayers would be free of temptation and unlikely to meet gamblers and other undesirables.

"I picked up a paper one day in 1921 and read that I had been fined \$50 for talking to someone in the stands," Judge said. "If you played ball for Washington in those days you looked on \$50 as a princely sum."

The next time the Senators came in to face the Yankees Judge left the usual tickets for Hannah but failed to walk over and pay his respects before the game. "Gee, I was embarrassed," Judge said. "Hannah kept calling to me, and I guess he had been bragging to his pal that he knew me. But I was afraid to go near him. I thought Landis might suspend me."

continued

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Mailman (over)

The next day Judge left tickets again but Hannah did not show up. He was absent again the third day, nor did he arrive for the fourth and final game of that series. Judge began to brood. "I had been hitting about .325 all season," he said, "and then my average fell down around .260. I couldn't buy an extra base hit."

The slump continued throughout the Senators' home stand. Judge thought of writing to Hannah, but how does one explain to a decent, hard-working postman that he is not considered a fit person to be associated with a ballplayer?

Washington came back to New York some weeks later with Judge still in the worst slump of his career. Hannah's box was again empty for the opening game of the series. Finally, unable to stand the embarrassment any longer, Joe went to Washington Owner Clark Griffith and explained the whole situation.

Griffith nodded and smiled. Then he said, "Joe, my boy, you get that man, Hannah, out to this ball park tomorrow if you have to drag him. Then go over and talk to him all you want before the game. Have your pictures taken if you wish. I'll worry about Judge Landis."

Judge called for Hannah at his home and explained matters as best he could on the way to the ball park. Hannah's boss went with them, greatly impressed. At the park Judge paused for a long chat with both of them and had a newspaper friend take some pictures. He gave them each an autographed ball.

The next day Landis fined him \$100. Griffith paid the fine. Judge talked to Hannah again before game two. Another \$100 fine. Griffith paid up once more. "I talked with Bud Hannah before every game for the rest of that season—and finished above .300," Judge said.

Griffith tried to explain to Landis the wonderful appreciation Judge had for Hannah's curly efforts in his behalf, but the Commissioner said he could make no exceptions. He continued to fine Judge the next season, and Griffith continued to pay the fines.

"Then the fins just stopped," Judge said, "I guess Landis finally got tired of the whole thing. Besides, if he had ever suspended me the publicity would have made him look bad." Judge played in the majors until 1934 and, despite Landis' chagrin, shook hands with Bud Hannah every time he came to New York.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASERIDE—SYRACUSE, a Tiger farm team, rebounded from a last-place finish in the International League in 1962 to win the league's Northern Division pennant, and A.L.A. N.Y. (Civilians) took the Southern Division championship. Third Baseman Don Buford of Indianapolis (White Sox) had the league's highest batting average (.336), while outfielder Raye Allen of Arkansas (Pirates) led in home runs (31) and RBIs (97). American co-pace team in 1962, **SPRINGFIELD** (Dwight) ran away with the Pacific Coast League's Northern Division title, and **OKLAHOMA CITY SOONERS** edged San Diego by half a game to win the Southern Division. Gulf-Southern Chico Salinas of Denver (Braves) took the batting title with .327. First Baseman Derek Jeter of San Diego (Reds) hit the most homers (23) and outfielder Bill Cowan of Salt Lake City (Cubs) hit the most RBIs (19).

BOWLING—C. Stevenson, designed, built and raced by RENATO LAY of Italy, whipped into the lead after a shoddy 45-mile crossing of Lake Erie, overtook *Thelma*, raced by Tenney Sepwin, the son of Britain's premier American Cup helmsman, and slipped out to win the 170-mile coast-to-coast race from Cowes to Torquay, England.

LARS THORN, a 37-year-old Swedish coach, resoundingly dominated an international fleet battling for the 5.5-meter class U.S. National Championship at Oyster Bay, N.Y. Thorn sailed his *Risk* off to three victories in five races, and he put his team solidly ahead of defending Champion Ernest Foy of Houston (see page 32).

BOKING—In a ramblingly outdoor sing in Milan, **SANDRO MAZZINGHI**, 24, of Italy knocked out defending Champion Ralph Dupes, 28, of New Orleans in the ninth round to win the world junior middleweight title.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS fought off a strong finish by John Boren to win the \$50,000 purse by a single stroke, 140-141 for 18 holes, in the \$750,000 "World Series" tournament in Akron (see page 32).

TOMMY JACOBS, 28, Bermuda Dunes, Calif., pro who had won the national junior championship at 16 but only three PGA tournaments since, stroked an eight-under-par 272 to win the \$40,000 Utah Open in Salt Lake City.

Although Canada got dangerously close midway through the America's Cup Match in San Francisco, the U.S. AMATEUR TEAM, captained by Billy Joe Purton, failed to keep the trophy here for the seventh year in a row.

HAWAIIAN RACING—SPEEDY SCOT, the Triple Crown candidate, and Driver Ralph Baldwin took up where they left off in the Hawthorneville by beating challenger Florin in both legs of the \$39,540 Hatterum Futurity in Indianapolis.

HORSE RACING—GOLDEN RULER (\$5,801) beat Cyclone by nearly a length in a thrilling duel for the huge \$12,500 purse in a rich \$325,500 Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago (see page 26).

Before a record 71,675 holiday-happy Labor Day crowd of over a \$5 million betting spree, **KELSO** (\$148) miraculously rallied through an impressive field to win the \$100,000 Aqueduct Stakes in New York. Non-to-supper followers included Candy Spot, Rex Ellsworth's 3-year-old, who missed by less than half from jockeying and was out for the rest of the year at least.

In Atlantic City, **CARRY BACK** (\$3,660), under only 115 pounds, founished along the cowhatch trail with an easy, wide-leg victory in a \$7,000 allowance race.

HOTER SPORTS—JIMMY CLARK, 27, "The Flying Scotman" who leads his 1,200-acre farm back home when he is not on the racing circuit, claimed the world driving title with an impressive win in the Grand Prix of Italy, his fifth victory in seven Grand Prix races. Clark, driving a green Lotus-Cheek, spun through the 86-lap Monte road course at a fast 128.47 high average speed.

GLENN (Pheasant) **ROBERTS**, 34-year-old parking driver who earned his nickname from dumping a barrel, swept around the track as 30 Ford at a record average speed of 129.74 mph to win the Southern 500 in Darlington, S.C. for the second year.

RED FOOTBALL—KANSAS CITY crushed Denver 50-7 in the AFL season opener late p.m. on Len Dawson threw four touchdown passes and Hall of Fame Dave Grayson ran 99 yards for another OAKLAND earned its 142nd victory total by getting Houston 24-13. Behind 6-0 at half time, Tom Flores replaced starter Cotton Davidson at quarterback for the Raiders and completed seven passes for 211 yards, including an 85-yard touchdown pass to Bud Anson. SAN DIEGO edged Buffalo 14-10 in the third period, and Boston rolled over New York 34-14.

In the final week of NFL exhibition games (the total attendance figure was over a million for the second straight year) **GREEN BAY** continued its unimpaired winning record with a 30-10 win over the Redskins in Washington. 25-17, Baltimore, with Johnny Unitas on the bench during a snow storm, lost to the Browns game in New York. DALLAS scored Detroit 27-17, and New York handled Philadelphia 34-10. MINNESOTA beat St. Louis 15-6. LOS ANGELES headed San Francisco 49-0. Pittsburgh had no trouble subduing Cleveland 16-7 in the Hall-of-Fame dedication game in Canton, Ohio.

SOFTBALL—A shagging NEWPORT, KY. team overthrewed the cross-giggle defending champion Hogan's club from Pittsburgh 9-4 to win the Amateur Softball Association's men's world slow-pitch championship in Jones Beach, N.Y.

SWIMMING—A Dutch girl, **ADA KOK**, sailed to a 1:05.1 world record for the women's 100-meter butterfly in Soesterduin, The Netherlands. An EAST GERMAN TEAM won the women's world record for the 440-yard medley relay to 4:44.7 in a Leipzig meet.

TENNIS—Minnie's **RAFAEL OLUNA**, 24, never looked better as his trouped American's strongest hope, Chuck McKinley, 4-6, 4-6, 10-12 in Forest Hills and America's, John Newcombe, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2 in the final to win the annual men's singles championship in Forest Hills, N.Y. (see page 27). Brazil's **MARIA BULTE** recovered her championship glory of four years ago and inspired Aussie winner girl Margaret Smith, 7-5, 6-4 to make it the first Latin trophy of the U.S. singles title. Austen **GARDNER MULLOY**, 48, won his 14th senior's trophy with a 7-6, 6-4 victory over Robert Galante of La Jolla, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD—Belgian runner **GASTON ROELANTS** clipped a record off Pole Zdzislaw Kozulowski's world record for the 3,000-meter milegate in Leuven, Belgium. The new time is 8:26.4.

WATER SPORTING—In the best showing that an American team has ever made in a world-class competition, the U.S. took four of six world titles and won both overall titles in the Vito, France championships. BILLY JOHNSON, 16, of San Jose, Calif., skier who finished just in prequalifier class, took the men's overall title, and **JENNIFER NETTE BRODIE**, 16, of Tampa, Fla. won the women's award.

WRESTLING—DIED **GEORGE EMLEN ROOSEVELT**, 73, banker, yachtsman and cousin of President Theodore Roosevelt; on Oyster Bay, N.Y. An indelible yachtsman, he was a member of the 1914 America's Cup *Reserve* towsheet, served on the cup committee, was commander of the New York Yacht Club and Cruising Club of America and was many outstanding honors in his field, 60-foot schooner *Moorea*.

DIED **SAM GREENE**, 48, sports editor and writer for the *Deseret News* for nearly 40 years, whose genial personality made him many enduring friendships with baseball and boxing notables from the 20s on, in Detroit.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

14, 15—Eric School W. Inn Baltimore, photo columns by James M. 20, 21—Tony Tost, 24, 25—W. E. B. DuBois, Harry Campbell, 26, 27—Theodore Purton, 28—Theodore Purton, 29—Theodore Purton, 30—Theodore Purton, 31—Theodore Purton, 32—Theodore Purton, 33—Theodore Purton, 34—Theodore Purton, 35—Theodore Purton, 36—Theodore Purton, 37—Theodore Purton, 38—Theodore Purton, 39—Theodore Purton, 40—Theodore Purton, 41—Theodore Purton, 42—Theodore Purton, 43—Theodore Purton, 44—Theodore Purton, 45—Theodore Purton, 46—Theodore Purton, 47—Theodore Purton, 48—Theodore Purton, 49—Theodore Purton, 50—Theodore Purton, 51—Theodore Purton, 52—Theodore Purton, 53—Theodore Purton, 54—Theodore Purton, 55—Theodore Purton, 56—Theodore Purton, 57—Theodore Purton, 58—Theodore Purton, 59—Theodore Purton, 60—Theodore Purton, 61—Theodore Purton, 62—Theodore Purton, 63—Theodore Purton, 64—Theodore Purton, 65—Theodore Purton, 66—Theodore Purton, 67—Theodore Purton, 68—Theodore Purton, 69—Theodore Purton, 70—Theodore Purton, 71—Theodore Purton, 72—Theodore Purton, 73—Theodore Purton, 74—Theodore Purton, 75—Theodore 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BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER Ed Kranepool of the New York Mets is just 18 years old, but at times this season he has acted the same aging team that signed him to an \$85,000 bonus: 2. In April he was the subject of countless stories in the New York press, in May he was hitting cleanup, in June he wasn't hitting at all and in July he was farmed out to Buffalo. Before leaving the Mets he got into an argument with Duke Snider when Snider tried to teach him how to hit. In Buffalo he argued with sportswriters, umpires and even Manager Kerby Farrell. When Farrell placed Kranepool eighth in the lineup Ed said, "This is the lowest I ever batted in my life." Last week, however, he was hitting as high as he had ever hit—first. And he was also hitting .471 for the week. Even though he got into an argument with the Met manager on his reporting time, Kranepool might have taught the Mets a lesson. When a boy is 18 and can hit it is important to remember that he can hit and also that he *is* 18.



ED KRANEPOOL

THE TEAM Now that Stan Musial is about to retire, his St. Louis Cardinal teammates are trying to give him an appropriate going-away present. For a man who has all the wristwatches, silver bats and base hits anyone could ever want, there is only one suitable gift—a pennant. In their match to catch the Dodgers last week the Cards ran their winning streak to nine games. Supplying most of the hitting were Curt Flood (.485), Bill White (.405), Tim McCarver (.400), George Altman (.344) and Ken Boyer (.333). Good pitching came from starters Curt Simmons and Bob Gibson, who won twice, and from three relief pitchers older than the three wise men, Bobby Shantz, Sam Jones and Barney Schultz. A gift is supposed to be a surprise, paid for by others, but Musial's situation is slightly unusual. So teammates showed absolutely no resentment last week when old Stan drove in three runs to win one game and then got a ninth-inning base on balls that led to the winning run another day. Nevertheless, Musial was having as much fun as he did in his first full season with the team. That was back in 1942, when the Cardinals won 38 of their last 44 games and beat out the Dodgers for first place.

THE PLAYER American League opponents were laughing at Norm Siebern this spring not for one reason but for two. Siebern was the first of the Kansas City A's to be photographed in the new green-and-gold jumpers that the team uses as uniforms, and his picture was widely circulated to give people an idea of how the uniforms looked. By the end of May, Siebern was hitting .231 and stood—some say sat—56th on the league's list of hitters. Over the last three months, however, he has batted .299 and raised his average to .277, moving him up to 18th. Last week he hit .324, collecting 12 hits. Although Siebern's hits were not indicative of his power (only two were for extra bases), he was posting pitchers with singles that started rallies or kept rallies going. Once a five-thumbed left fielder for the Yankees, Siebern is now a dependable first baseman. During the last three weeks of the season opposing pitchers will not be laughing at Norm Siebern; neither will anybody else.



NORM SIEBERN

THE TEAM Once again the New York Yankees have built a better mousetrap and last week they seemed to be catching everything in it. First they beat the Orioles with a pair of two-run homers in the eighth and then they beat Detroit 5-4. Even though the Tigers beat the Yankees twice early in the week, they had to hold them to three runs in 24 innings to do it and the effort knocked them out. At the end of the week the Yankees pounded Detroit in three games. What the Yankees were doing was murder. They kicked in with nine errors, thus giving their opponents a little edge here and there. But they also made 11 double plays, erasing that edge. Twice the Senators were whipped by late-inning Yankee rallies, once on a two-run homer in the ninth inning and again by a run-scoring single in the 12th. One night Ralph Houk used a second-line outfield of Hector Lopez, Jack Reed and Harry Bright. "They're giving us a chance tonight," said Tiger Manager Charlie Dressen. No, they weren't. Bright homered as the Yanks won 2-1. Theo Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris started a game together for the first time in three months and got five hits. The Yankee mousetrap, it seemed, just had too much bait.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	TOP BATTER	PITCHING	WALKS	SO	BP
ST. LOUIS	8	1	Flood	485	10	55	7
LOS ANGELES	6	2	Gilliam	357	20	58	5
CHICAGO	5	3	Bodger	287	28	42	12
MILWAUKEE	4	3	Aaron	429	12	53	7
PHILADELPHIA	3	3	Whee	384	29	43	3
CINCINNATI	1	6	Frazier	366	21	62	5
NEW YORK	3	5	Kranepool	470	23	41	4
ST. FRANCISCO	3	5	McGow	375	12	56	6
HOUSTON	2	6	Bunaville	333	22	48	3
PITTSBURGH	2	7	Virden	380	37	40	8

THE SEASON*	TRIPLES	TOTAL BASES	INS. PITCHED
LOS ANGELES	W. Davis 8	T. Davis 219	Drysdale 284
ST. LOUIS	Groat 9	White 281	Gibson 214
MILWAUKEE	Mays 7	Asari 281	Lachar 216
SAN FRANCISCO	Alvin 8	Meyers 287	Marchetti 217
PHILADELPHIA	T. with 10	Carroll 282	McLish 202
CINCINNATI	Fennell 12	Phelps 280	C. Louis 200
CHICAGO	Carroll 10	Savits 280	Edwards 208
PITTSBURGH	Carroll 8	Carroll 266	Carroll 243
HOUSTON	Rosen 5	Goodman 266	Johnson 189
NEW YORK	Kranepool 6	Crut 176	Craig 289

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	TOP BATTER	PITCHING	WALKS	SO	BP
NEW YORK	6	2	Pettibone	393	28	41	13
MINNESOTA	5	3	Babin	371	26	40	10
KANSAS CITY	4	4	Siebern	324	42	41	7
CLEVELAND	4	3	Alvin	468	15	32	5
BALTIMORE	4	4	Roeder	351	20	46	16
BOSTON	4	4	Takamizawa	344	28	35	12
DETROIT	4	5	Wakabayashi	342	33	53	6
LOS ANGELES	3	4	Pearson	400	28	33	5
CHICAGO	2	5	Ward	324	33	42	17
WASHINGTON	2	5	Brinkman	330	27	38	9

	TRIPLES	TOTAL BASES	INS. PITCHED	
NEW YORK	Richardson 6	Tresh 248	Terry 242	
MINN. SO. A.	Verdine 13	Albin 248	Stigman 208	
CHICAGO	3 with 6	Ward 246	Peters 211	
BAL. INDI.	Aaron 7	Porcel 213	Borben 234	
DETROIT	2 with 6	Kalish 213	Wentling 214	
CLEVELAND	Alvin 6	Alvin 236	Wentling 200	
BOSTON	2 with 6	Sluett 242	Montgomery 245	
KANSAS CITY	Cronin 11	Charles 214	Wentling 218	
LOS ANGELES	Fregoli 10	Ward 241	McEvedy 247	
WASHINGTON	Borben 12	Ward 236	Olsen 279	

*Through Saturday, Sept. 7

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROOM TO RECREATE

Sirs:

The Forest Service appreciates your excellent article, *High Road to a Wild Paradise* (Aug. 5). Author Robert Cantwell and Photographer Jack Fields have done a fine job of capturing the spirit of the Pacific Crest Trail, truly a "recreational treasure."

The Forest Service recognizes outdoor recreation of all kinds to be one of the five major forest resources; the others being wood, water, forage and wildlife. The 154 National Forests and 19 National Grasslands are administered—as directed by Congress—to provide sustained yields of these resources in the combination that will best meet the needs of a growing nation. This means that you and all Americans can be assured that there will always be room to "get away from it all" in the National Forests.

EDWARD P. CLIFF
Chief, Forest Service,
U.S. Department of Agriculture
Washington

BLOOD, BRONZE AND BARRYMORE

Sirs:

Hats off to Gerald Holland for his masterfully written article, *Is That You Up There, Johnny Blood?* (Sept. 2). Nothing pleases me more than reading about such men when the dark clouds of scandal are gathering to tarnish the fine name of football.

Incidentally, I was amazed to see, in the photograph accompanying this fine article, that the 1933 Packer line was so small. By today's hefty standards these ballplayers would be put right into the backfield without being given a second thought as linemen. If this is what occurred from 1933 to 1963, just imagine the size of NFL linemen in 1993. Wow!

ALAN BARCUS

Philadelphia

Sirs:

This fine piece of writing is an insight into the days when a good football player had to have a creative mind as well as a retentive one. I can't imagine a pro team today trying to make up plays in a huddle. And win yet!

LOU HARRISON

North Bergen, N.J.

Sirs:

You say that Johnny denied the Shakespearean bout with John Barrymore, but some of us here in Pittsburgh can attest that such a battle really took place. It happened in the Benjamin Harrison Literary Society—a Pittsburgh watering hole that has since

dined up. And, to the best of our recollection, Johnny Blood came out on top.

CHESTER (SWIDE) JOHNSTON

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Johnny Blood is such a distinguished-looking member of professional football's new Hall of Fame, I can't help wondering what he looks like "sculptured and cast in bronze."

M. V. BLAKE

Kansas City, Mo.

● See below.—ED.



HALL OF FAME'S JOHNNY BLOOD

IN THE RAVINE

Sirs:

That was a fine article in your Sept. 2 issue (*Dodgers in a Dogfight*). I'll go along with you when you say Walter Alton is a strong leader, but I think the Dodgers aren't trying hard enough: they are too sure of themselves. The Dodgers depend on pitching and speed to win their games, but they don't have to with batters like Fairly, the Davis boys, Howard, Wilks and Roseboro.

TERRY TILTON

Anamosa, Iowa

Sirs:

"Inconsistent" Frank Howard hit .296 with 31 home runs and 119 RBIs last season, and he batted .296 the season before. The only reason for Sluggo Howard's inconsistency is his lack of faith in himself, generated by Manager Alton's panic platooning whenever he falls into a slump

(which all ballplayers do occasionally).

While you were putting Ken Fairly on your cover, Alton was busily platooning him with bango-bitter Lee Walls and hot-hitting (.215) Bill Skowron.

Alton's lack of respect for such as Howard and Fairly has made some of us in Los Angeles wonder if he would platoon Henry Aaron and Leon Wagner if he had both on his team.

JIM PERRY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

You infuriated a good many of us when you referred to the "stadium at Chavez Ravine." The Dodgers' home park and the stadium in which they play is called Dodger Stadium, in exactly the same manner as the Yankees' park is called Yankee Stadium. We do, however, agree with your comments about Walter Alton picking the lineup as though he were ordering a Chinese meal.

ROBERT G. FITCH

Burbank, Calif.

TUMPLINEAR

Sirs:

Having been born and raised in the Arctic, I have always been impressed with the words of a great Arctic explorer who said, "Adventure is a sign of incompetence." Your man Austin Hoyt's four "adventurers" surely qualify (*Down the Back to the Arctic*, Aug. 26).

I would suggest you check with Chuck McAvoy and see if he ever owned a 1938 Fairchild. As for the Hudson's Bay Company not having heard of a tumpline, I know for a fact that there are men in this company's Yellowknife store who were using tumplines before Hoyt was born and could have carried all four to the Arctic coast on their backs.

Author Hoyt must have walked into your office wearing that beautiful beard, which, after all, must prove he had at least been out of doors. Good trailmen, gentlemen, have time to shave each morning, so if you keep up your present standard of acceptance you will never meet one.

D. B. L. JOHNSTON

Kamloops, B.C.

CORSAIR COLONELS

Sirs:

I write not only to applaud the Confederate Air Force (*The Confederate Air Force Flies at Lugger*, Aug. 12), but to aid it. As a Corsair jockey for 12 long years, this pilot is overwhelmed to hear that the old U-Bird is still flying—and winning. It was to me that

continued

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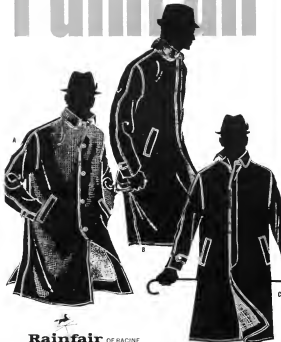
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19TH HOLE continued

a Lotus-Ford must be to Jimmy Clark, except for the grimmest times. What memories are evoked? What a wry smile cometh forth!

Your efforts and reputational standards are again to be commended. Thanks for bringing this story to us all. As for me, I am applying to the CAF for permission to activate the Orange Blossom Wag here in California, primarily for the purpose of supplying financial assistance to these sterling aviators. I am dead certain that every living Cowart pilot will want to help perpetuate the species. Let the Mustang gang speak for themselves!

I foresee a trust fund for the acquisition and care of a stable of aircraft that will still be operable at the turn of the century.

Join up, colonels, for one more pass over the field.

MAJOR GEORGE J. YORG, USMCR (ret.)
 Manhattan Beach, Calif.

UNCLASSIFIED CATAMARANS

Sirs:

Under FOR THE RECORD in the Sept. 2 issue of your fine publication, your paragraph on boating contained an error that will make every catamaran sailor in the world see red. The error looms large for it is the same one made by many race committees throughout the U.S. You referred to co-skippers Jim Holcombe and Chuck (real name is Chris) Mathews winning the national catamaran title. What they actually won was the national title in the Cougar Mark III class.

Primary reason for bringing this to your attention is the fact that there are a number of different catamaran classes racing throughout the world today. But many race committees lump them all together in one class no matter how many are entered in a regatta. For instance, they will fire starting guns for Stars, Snipes, Lightnings, Comets, etc.—and catamarans, even though there may be a number of different classes racing in this multihull category. Catamarans are as different from one another as monohull classes, but many usually well-informed race committees are taking overly long to realize this.

WILLIAM A. KING

Riverside, Conn.

DICK'S CALL

Sirs:

Inexcusably, in your article on Dick Stuart (*Best Show Around Boston*, Sept. 2), you omit mentioning one of his classics—neither a homer nor an error, just style. Coming to the plate in the ninth inning, bases loaded, two out and the Red Sox behind the White Sox by two runs—a perfect Stuart strike-out situation—Dick had the second-base umpire move to the left. His single, tying the game, passed precisely where the umpire had been standing.

CLEAVER MACTWAIN

Boston

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